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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	597
PEACEFUL CO-EXISTENCE IN GERMANY	600
CRISIS IN VIET NAM	600
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	601
PRAY SILENCE! By Sagittarius	602
THIS ENGLAND	602
A PARISH PUMP IN A DRY DOCK. By W. John Morgan	603
FOOTNOTE ON THE CIVIL SERVICE. By G. R. Strauss, M.P.	604
ANOTHER REVOLUTION. By J. B. Priestley	604
HANDS THROUGH THE CURTAIN. By Trevor Fletcher	606
THE POPE OF FLEET STREET	608
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Henri Matisse, 1869-1954. By John Berger	609
Moral and Immoral. By T. C. Worsley	610
Japanese Dancing. By Annabel Farjeon	610
Look and Listen. By William Salter	611
The Movies. By William Whitebait	612
CORRESPONDENCE	612
From Marghanita Laski; Elaine Morgan; Gerald Kaufman; David Ross; Edwin R. E. Adams; Ivor Montagu; E. Barouch; John Smith; John Holdsworth; Jean Graham Hall.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Noel Annan	617
THE GREEN MAN. By John Arden	618
REVIEWS:	Page
The Servant of U.N. By Kenneth Younger	618
The Other Side. By A. Alvarez	618
Appeaser's Apology. By A. J. P. Taylor	620
A Conscience. By V. S. Pritchett	621
A Cretan Operation. By Nigel Nicolson	622
Princely Magnificence. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	622
New Novels. By Walter Allen	624
And Now All This. By Richard Mayne	625
SHORTER REVIEWS	625
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	626
CHESS. By Assiac	628
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	629

The Colour Problem in Britain

LAST Friday's Commons debate on Colonial immigration serves to put in perspective a social problem which could easily be magnified out of all reason by careless prejudice. There are today more Coloured immigrants arriving in this country from the Commonwealth—mainly from Jamaica—than ever before. They have tended to concentrate in certain areas, where their assimilation with the rest of the community is not always free of difficulties. *The Times*, surveying the problem this week, feels able to write: "Here and there the first signs of what might look like a British colour problem begin to show."

There is no authoritative figure for the total Coloured population of Britain. It is well under 100,000, and may be somewhere in the neighbourhood of 75,000. Immigration is now running at the rate of about 10,000 a year, and shows signs of increasing rather rapidly: by the end of next year, the rate may well be half as high again. A negligible proportion of the immigrants stow away or enter this country illegally: almost all are British citizens who have paid their fare and have a legal right of entry. They come, for the most part, in search of economic betterment. As *The Times* correspondent bluntly observes of the West Indians: "Those who have already come are merely a token force for what might be called, not extravagantly, a mass exodus of Coloured workers from islands on which, they feel, an economic blight has fallen."

On these facts, three observations come at once to mind. First, the problem is still a very small one numerically. Secondly, pressure on housing and employment in the particular areas where the immigrants gather could tend to foster the growth of a colour prejudice which is still largely foreign to this country. Thirdly, the problem is at root the responsibility of this country: it is our Colonial system and our economic interests which largely determine the pattern of life in the Colonies. If an "economic blight" does indeed seem to be falling on the West Indies, we must accept the blame.

We believe, therefore, that restrictions (which, to serve their purpose, would have to discriminate against Coloured people) on the freedom of British citizens to enter the U.K. would be morally indefensible. They would be tantamount to branding the Queen's Black subjects as second-class citizens—bound by British imperial power to accept the burdens and responsibilities of citizenship, but deprived of the rewards and privileges reserved for a White "ruling class." Indeed, were such an objectionable proposition to commend itself to any British Government of the present day, its constitutional difficulties would probably prove prohibitive. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that common citizenship, symbolised by a single Crown, is the one identifying characteristic between the various members of a multi-racial Commonwealth. If that privilege were abandoned, the Commonwealth would wither away.

To argue thus, however, must not obscure the fact that a problem does begin to exist in Britain, and may grow more serious. It is a problem exactly the same in essence as has been occasioned in the recent past by the influx to booming industrial areas of Irish, Poles and Germans, to name but a few. Naturally, living conditions tend to be overcrowded in boom towns: naturally, the industrial worker, secure for the moment in full employment, tends to worry about what may happen to a mass of "foreign" labour in time of recession. The fact that the West Indians can be identified by their black faces, contains the additional danger that a prejudice against Colour may, among unthinking people, be substituted for the legitimate economic anxieties which any group immigration is likely to engender.

Primarily, the problem is one for the local authority and for the propagandist. Great progress has been made, for instance, in Birmingham by intelligent co-operation between the Corporation, the trade unions and the employers. Administratively, this sort of collaboration can go far to provide

the conditions of peaceful assimilation. The Colonial Office is already doing excellent work in offering advice and guidance to newly arrived immigrants. It can, no doubt, usefully do more to advise the would-be emigrant, before he leaves the Caribbean, that the streets of English cities are not paved with gold. But the job of the propagandist is the most important. His responsibility it is to create a civilised public opinion in this country; to ventilate the facts, which demonstrate beyond dispute that the standard of citizenship among the generality of Coloured workers compares favourably with our own; and, above all, to hammer home the fundamental argument that the heart of the problem is to be found in the deficiencies of Colonial policy—that it is the obligation of Britain, in the long run inescapable, to remedy these deficiencies, or else free the Colonies to seek their own salvation elsewhere.

President and the Old Guard

Democratic control of Congress raises some interesting problems. The tactical dilemma facing the Democrats is how to conduct themselves towards the White House; if they obstruct the President's programme, they lay themselves open to the kind of attack that Mr. Truman made in 1948 on the "do-nothing Eightieth Congress," while if they help it through they may be building up a good legislative record for the President if he runs again in 1956. Their policy, it seems, will be to try to push the President into a fight against the Old Guard in his own party—a line that follows logically from their campaign claim that they were saving Mr. Eisenhower from the Republican diehards.

For this reason, the struggle within the Republican Party may be much the most important feature of the coming session. Large sections of the party still cling to the Hoover-Taft tradition, and remain convinced that attempts to win the independent vote by the Dewey technique of "liberal" window-dressing are both wrong and ineffective. These groups are by no means sure that they want the President to run again, and their opposition may become sharper if he presses centrist legislation with Democratic help. It is significant that influential Republicans are already arguing that it was not the President's belated campaigning that saved the Republicans from a landslide defeat, but the efforts of Vice-President Nixon. Mr. Nixon thinks the Communist issue is still a winner, while the President would follow the Democrats in playing it down as much as possible. Which way the Republicans swing will depend, in part, on what happens to Senator McCarthy in the next few weeks. It is clear that the Taft wing of the party has still not accepted its defeat by the "liberals."

After the Dock Strike

The Report of the Court of Inquiry into the London dock dispute appeared after the strikers had gone back to work, but while fresh stoppages were being threatened as a result of disputes over the conditions of the resumption. The Court, while holding that the Stevedores' Union had violated the existing agreement first by banning overtime and then by resorting to strike action, was very cautious in its positive proposals. It recognised that the present arrangements for overtime working are defective, and recommended that the employers and the Unions should negotiate for their amendment, in order to reduce to a minimum the need for men to work overtime against their will and to ensure due notice when overtime is to be worked at all. The Report, indeed, makes it evident that, if relations were even tolerably good, there should be little difficulty in reaching an agreed settlement. But, as everybody knows, relations are thoroughly bad, so that every small issue becomes great through mutual mistrust. This week the threatened strike of tally-clerks, which could have brought the port again to a standstill, has been narrowly averted. Meanwhile, the official strike of the ship repairers goes on, not because of any real obstacle to agreeing on terms of settlement, but because the men refuse to go back without a settlement, whereas the employers refuse to agree to one until work has been resumed.

The Atomic Pool

The "atoms for peace" plan before the United Nations raises fresh hopes in a world obsessed by the H-bomb and nuclear disaster. The American and British initiative, supported by Canada, France, Belgium, Australia and South Africa—the countries which have experience or material to contribute—is encouraging. It means that nations which are hungry for twentieth-century energy and modern industries, can get a toe-hold in the new industrial revolution; and it is difficult to see how the Russians can stay out. This, of course, is not the final answer to the fearful problems of atomic control and of mass-destruction weapons, but it can be the beginning of the breaking-down of suspicions, which are held not only by the U.S.S.R., that there would be an attempt to maintain not only a military but an industrial monopoly of atomic energy. Once scientists and technicians of many nations begin to work together on peaceful adaptations, they may also begin to work on international controls of weapons. That is probably many years off, but in the meantime the possessors of the facilities and the information can give practical proof of the earnest intentions. The European Council for Nuclear Research is already an example. This co-operative organisation is building a research station at Geneva, which is to be engaged on pure research into the nature of the nucleus, with no relationship to bombs or industrial energy. The partners are the West European countries, but they are prepared to offer hospitable research facilities to scientists from other countries—even those which, by present definition, cannot be contributory member-states. It is a beginning.

The Cortisone Disappointment

The decision of the Nuffield Foundation to stop the grants which it has been making for research into cortisone and A.C.T.H. is a sad comment on "headline cures"—sad, because the hopes of millions of rheumatism sufferers throughout the world have been raised and disappointed. No blame attaches to the Nuffield Foundation. One of its great beneficial enterprises is the investigation of rheumatism, and that will go on, with most generous endowments. Manchester University rheumatism research centre, started in 1946 with a £100,000 grant from the Foundation, receives another £70,000. Another centre is to be established at a cost of £27,000 at Edinburgh, with a five-year grant of £38,000. Sheffield University gets £8,000 and Oxford Regional Hospital Board gets £6,000. But the research will be on lines other than those of the cortisone and A.C.T.H., which clinical tests carried out by the Medical Research Council show to have no advantage over aspirin in treatment of most rheumatoid conditions, and which the Foundation now dismisses as "at best, palliative." Two eminent Americans and a Swiss scientist were awarded the Nobel Prize for the work on cortisone and, again, no blame attaches to them; nor does the present experience detract from the importance of their original discovery which has produced fresh insight into the glandular mechanisms of the body. The blame lies with those newspapers and medical men and high-pressure American public relations agents who jazzed up a piece of fundamental research into a spectacular cure on the limited evidence of cases in which wiser physicians would have recognised the improvement as being no more than euphoric. Here, as in the case of streptomycin, is ample justification for the Medical Research Council's insistence on cautious and carefully controlled clinical trials before such innovations are made public.

PARIS

Doubting Thomases

Our Paris Correspondent writes: From an internal point of view, Mendès-France has chosen a very awkward time to visit the U.S. Even at the best of times, French Deputies always reassemble after the summer vacation in an aggressive mood. Immediately the session opened, backbenchers angrily assaulted the parliamentary timetable, despite the fact that the party leaders had agreed to it unanimously the day before. Frustrated in this, they turned on the Budget and promptly threw the section dealing with the Post Office back into Committee. M. Mendès-France hurried down to the Assembly, read the Deputies an angry lecture on the abuse of parliamentary procedure, and demanded a vote of confidence. This brandishing of the big stick achieved the desired result and the P.T.T. credits got through on Tuesday without undue difficulty, though the Premier's attitude has provoked widespread resentment. Meanwhile, other problems are appearing. Last week's events in Algeria have increased the restlessness among the Gaullists who, it should not be forgotten, strongly disapprove of the Government's North African policy. The M.R.P., it is rumoured, are preparing to exploit this by accusing the Government of anti-clerical bias in the allocation of educational credits, hoping thereby to rally round Catholic Deputies and pry open the omnipresent cracks in the Right wing of the majority.

In the circumstances, then, it is all the more important for Mendès-France to include Socialist Ministers in his Cabinet as quickly as possible. But here, precisely, lies the difficulty. Had it not been for the religious war over E.D.C., the Socialists would willingly have joined the

Government at any time during the summer. They were, in fact, extremely anxious to identify themselves with a Government that was making peace in Indo-China and inaugurating a progressive policy in Tunisia. Now, however, the situation has changed, and they are being asked to join a Government whose immediate aims are the ratification of German rearmament and the passing of a conservative Budget. It is true that the Defence estimates are down by £80 million, and that credits for housing, education and industrial investment have all been substantially increased. But it retains the principles of the debudgetising of public investment, which the Socialists bitterly resent.

Further, the portfolios offered to the Socialists, of which the Defence Ministry is the most important, are not particularly attractive, and Mendès-France has consistently refused to give his prospective Ministers anything like a detailed outline of his future economic policy. The Socialists have had too much experience of being the "exposed Left flank" of a predominantly conservative coalition to take such a risk lightly. Indeed, by the beginning of this week it was pretty clear that the Socialist Congress would only authorise participation in return for specific guarantees from Mendès-France. A few small federations agreed to participation pure and simple, but the majority either gave a downright refusal or imposed conditions. Whether M. Mendès-France will now agree to provide such guarantees remains to be seen.

KAMPALA

The Judgment and the Kabaka

A Correspondent in Uganda writes: The judgment in the case in which three plaintiffs have sought declarations from the Court on matters arising out of withdrawal of recognition of the Kabaka has gone clearly against the plaintiffs, although few Baganda have realised this so far. Within five minutes of the adjournment of the Court, vast jubilant crowds marched through the streets of Kampala carrying greenery and waving large banana leaves and branches, accompanied by high-pitched yells. All day long, cars, motor bikes and cycles covered with flowers and greenery streamed into the town. Large placards were fixed to cars saying that the Governor, Sir Andrew Cohen, "had no power" to withdraw recognition from the Kabaka. In Katwe, a local African commercial area where some of the vernacular newspaper offices are located, as well as offices of political parties, a Union Jack was ripped apart. In the 101-page judgment, the Baganda quickly picked out the phrase that "by declaring withdrawal of recognition under Article 6 of the Agreement the Secretary of State was mistaken . . . " This they interpreted as meaning that the Kabaka was wrongfully deported and that he would return in a short time.

The mistake lay in the fact that recognition was withdrawn under Article 6 of the 1900 Agreement, which states that "So long as the Kabaka, chiefs, and people of Uganda shall conform to the laws and regulations instituted for their governance by Her Majesty's Government, and shall cooperate loyally with Her Majesty's Government in the organisation and administration of the said Kingdom of Uganda, Her Majesty's Government agrees to recognise the Kabaka of Uganda as the native ruler of the province of Uganda under Her Majesty's protection and over-rule." The Chief Justice held, however, that on November 30, 1953, only the Kabaka was disloyal and not "the chiefs and people"—reading this as a conjunctive and not a disjunctive phrase. However, the Chief Justice further ruled that withdrawal of recognition did not constitute a matter of legal deliberation for the Court as he found "the Kabaka had no legal right to recognition and, therefore, there was no legal right in existence capable of being declared and enforced by declaration of the Court."

The misinterpretation of the judgment is so far confined to the satisfaction of having scored a legal point against the Crown. One year of controlled suspense has burst forth. At present it is difficult to see how the Baganda will react when they discover how little they have won: the air is full of rumours that Mutesa is about to return. Much depends on how, after one year of bungling, the Government plays its next card. The Hancock recommendations are still not published. It is known that they contain far-reaching proposals affecting the future position of the Kabaka and the Ministers. Will the Lukiko turn down the recommendations, or make their acceptance conditional on the return of Mutesa? The vernacular newspapers have unfortunately warned the people that they must study the Hancock report carefully and avoid signing any new agreement which might lead them in the future to the same dilemma as the 1900 Agreement has done. The papers have also stepped up their warnings against the dangers of federation. As I write, merry-making continues; the writing on the wall has not appeared—yet.

NEW YORK

Congress Committees

Our New York Correspondent writes: While the lame-duck Senate sits to discuss the censure motion on McCarthy, the committees of Congress are being reorganised as a result of the Democrats' hair-breadth victory. In both House and Senate the chairmanships pass to senior Democrats. McCarthy, in any case, hands over the direction of the Committee of Government Operation to Senator McClellan, a fair-minded conservative, who has already announced that he will concentrate on investigating corruption and inefficiency, leaving questions of subversion to the Internal Security sub-Committee of the Judiciary Committee. This was previously in the hands of Senator Jenner, and, but for his recent death, would have been turned over to the equally reactionary Senator McCarran; a more reasonable Democrat may now become chairman. At the same time, the prospective chairman of the House Un-American Committee is Representative Walter, who is said to favour winding up this Committee in favour of a joint committee of House and Senate with exclusive jurisdiction over "subversion."

It seems, in fact, as if the Democrats will try to steer the problem of "loyalty" away from the committees and into the courts—a strategy which Senator Humphreys is claiming as his excuse for sponsoring the Communist Control Act just before the election. There is already much anti-Communist legislation to hand, and the Democrats will almost certainly support the Attorney-General if he applies it rigorously.

The Democrats, moreover, will be anxious to press some investigations of their own. Both Senator Kefauver and Senator Hennings are anxious that the Judiciary Committee should make a detailed inquiry into the Dixon-Yates contract, which gave a private company the right to produce electric power at a cost of $140 millions more than the T.V.A. officials estimated their Administration would charge. Farm and consumer prices, too, provide useful fields for Democrats looking to the 1956 elections, and it is reported that Senator Johnston, who will become chairman of the Civil Service Committee, is anxious to wring water out of the Administration's rather dubious statistics on the loyalty purges—a campaign in which he will certainly be supported by the new House Speaker, Mr. Rayburn, who was deeply angered by Mr. Nixon's campaign attacks on the Democrats as the "party of treason."

DELHI

Loosing the Kashmir Lion

A Correspondent in New Delhi writes: Sheik Abdulla, the Lion of Kashmir, was arrested in August, 1953, by his deputy, Bakhshi Ghulam Mohammad, who replaced him as Prime Minister, implemented the agreement with India over which Abdulla had been hesitating and has kept his former chief behind barbed wire without trial ever since. Nehru, deeply distressed by the fate of his old comrade, has recently urged Bakhshi to pave the way for Abdulla's release. But the decision is not a simple one. Abdulla's government had fallen low in public estimation. But, in India, the surest passport to popular favour is to have been imprisoned for a cause.

There is considerable evidence that Abdulla in detention has regained popular respect, and, were he now released, his popularity might sweep the present government from office. He would, indeed, have to be magnanimous to resume his cooperation with the young Head of State whom he charges with acting unconstitutionally in signing the order for his arrest. Moreover, though there is no possibility of his advocating Kashmir's accession to Pakistan—the most he is accused of is the advocacy of independence—the effect of his arrest has been to increase his standing in Pakistan, where he is regarded as championing the rights of the Muslims of Kashmir against the Government of India.

Even when the misdeeds of Abdulla are examined—and on this score ample grounds for censure can be found—those who held power both in his administration and in the present one cannot expect to evade all responsibility. Without question there was a deplorable betrayal of the trust of Kashmiris, but it would be straining credulity too far to assume that those who have retained control are totally innocent. India, it is true, has poured in funds to buttress the present regime; and these have made possible long-delayed ameliorations. The price of rice has been cut by about one-third, all sorts of controls and oppressive exactions have been swept way. The general economic situation has greatly improved. Yet for all this the peasants are still apt to say, "We are Abdulla's men; our loyalty is not for sale." Thus in many ways, the Lion is stronger than before, and Bakhshi's reluctance to order his release is understandable.

The situation is complicated by a new factor. Abdulla's difference with Nehru may have been difficult to overcome but a more fundamental difference has arisen between Nehru and Bakhshi. The later declares that Kashmir's accession to India is final and irrevocable, that all uncertainty is now removed and that the plebiscite to which Nehru is internationally committed is out of the question. Why does he keep repeating this unless to convince himself? Fully aware that the Constituent Assembly that has ratified the terms of accession has the right to speak only for the two-thirds of the State held by India, Bakhshi accepts the partition of Kashmir along the present cease-fire-line. Nehru in his correspondence with the Pakistan Prime Minister has suggested a possible further partition of the State to avoid a dangerous exodus of minorities following an over-all plebiscite. Abdulla's references to the plebiscite and

possible partition helped to get him into trouble. The Pakistan Government has avoided all these difficulties by not recognising the "Azad" Kashmir Government on their side and keeping those who are designated "Ministers" on the end of a chain.

So Kashmir remains in suspense, divided by rival armies and bewilderingly split in mind.

WESTMINSTER

Ponsonby's Ghost

An issue which a few months ago sent Aneurin Bevan whirling into tempestuous resignation passed quietly through the House this week when the Seato Treaty was approved under the Ponsonby procedure. Statesmen live on in the bestowal of their names to some handy gadget—the Belisha Beacon or the Anderson Shelter, for example. And now we find Arthur Ponsonby, who is remembered for his attachment to Ramsay Mac in 1931, immortalised in a procedure. It turns out to be a handy little device whereby, unless a treaty is challenged within a month, it slips through Parliament without a debate. It might almost have been designed for the Seato Treaty which Sir Anthony Eden proffered with modified enthusiasm and Kenneth Younger, for the Opposition, accepted with emphatic reservations. The debate itself was confined to the Opposition benches. The Tories who spoke were people of such devastating insignificance that it took a real effort of concentration to appreciate that they were on their feet and addressing the House.

On one side of the debate was Harold Davies who, although he describes himself as a pre-Bevanite, said perhaps what Aneurin Bevan might have said had he been there. In a rumbustuous sort of way he condemned the Treaty as a sop to Dulles—a sort of electoral *douceur* to compensate for his defeat at Geneva. On the other side were George Brown and Patrick Gordon-Walker, who welcomed the Treaty on the grounds that it helped to say in Asia what had already been said in Europe, "Thus far, brother, and no further." In between, with a slight list towards Harold Davies, was Kenneth Younger, who supposed that the Treaty did not in fact increase our commitments, was worried about the provision which makes possible external intervention in the internal struggles of other countries, and deplored the reservations of the United States, which make it clear that the Treaty is directed solely towards Communist aggression instead of aggression as such. He wanted the rest of the Asiatic Commonwealth to be consulted more closely.

Awful! Shocking behaviour! What a disgraceful exhibition of party differences, and in public too! No, on the contrary, the differences showed that the Labour benches are thinking while the Tories are acquiescing. And everybody was so good tempered. Harold Davies did not once suggest that those who disagreed with him were reactionary anti-Socialists. George Brown did not once imply that anybody else was a Commie stooge. Most of us were, I suppose, ranged somewhere between the two of them, but no one called us middle-of-the-roaders, which is the new term of comradely abuse pinned on all who dare suggest that the formation of groupings round individuals, either to Left or Right, is a harmful and juvenile performance. Because of this adult atmosphere, the debate which ranged on the Opposition benches was useful rather than otherwise. It proved that what we have to fear is not disagreement but acrimony.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Peaceful Co-existence in Germany

THOUGH the final vote of the Parliamentary Labour Party was delayed at Wednesday's meeting, it seems an almost foregone conclusion that the last round in a four-year battle on the issue of German rearmament has been fought. The opponents are facing defeat and the Nine-Power treaty will probably now receive bi-partisan approval after the formality of a two-day public debate in the Commons. Moreover, the fact that Britain—at whose expense agreement in London was reached—will be the first of the Nine Powers to give the treaty Parliamentary approval must have a decisive effect elsewhere. We must now assume that, before the winter is out, Western Germany will be a sovereign and equal member of the Western alliance, and that the selection of the regular cadres of the new German Army will be in full swing. When that happens, the last chance of unifying Germany under a peace treaty signed by the Four Powers will disappear. If Germany is unified, it will be either by a Western strategy of "liberation," which rolls back the Red Army out of Eastern Germany, or by a Russian diplomatic *coup* that detaches the Federal Republic from its membership of Nato, or by the independent action of the two German Governments. The Nine-Power treaty settles nothing about the future of Germany except that there will be no settlement at the Four-Power conference table.

Having made the Federal Republic a full member of Nato, what is the good of discussing free elections in the Eastern Zone? For good or for ill, the West has decided to keep Germany partitioned for the time being, and the Russians, to all appearances, have reconciled themselves to this partition. Any Four-Power talks, therefore, if they are to be fruitful, must confine themselves to the problem of how to manage a divided Germany with the minimum of friction.

Once the question is correctly posed, the whole series of topics for Four-Power negotiation automatically place themselves on the agenda. (1) The Nine-Power treaty forbids the Federal Republic to raise more than twelve divisions, but its signatories are not compelled to agree to as many as twelve. Since the building of the West German Army will at once be matched by the building of an East German Army, should not efforts be made to negotiate with the Russians an agreed limit on the size of both? (2) The sovereign Government at Bonn is already matched by a sovereign East German Government at Pankow. In the interests of the German economy, should we not seek to ensure a mutual recognition of each Government by the other and of both Governments by the Western and Eastern Powers? (3) With both these steps achieved, the way would be open to consider a European security pact, such as Mr. Molotov proposed at Berlin and Sir Winston hinted at in his famous "Locarno" proposal of May 11, 1953. Under such a pact, the political partition assured by the Nine-Power treaty could be counter-balanced by further relaxations of the barriers which now frustrate communications between Western and Eastern Germans.

A Four-Power conference with this kind of agenda will find plenty of support not only in France and Britain, but also among the general public in Western Germany, which is already swinging away from the idea of an exclusive integration in the Western Alliance. But it will be furiously opposed both in Washington and in the Chancellery of Bonn. The policy of the Americans and of the clique around Dr. Adenauer is to harden the division between East and West Germany, and simultaneously to step up sabotage and resistance in the Russian Zone. Neither Mr. Dulles nor Dr. Adenauer has any intention of recognising the Pankow Government, and will oppose any European security pact on the ground that it acknowledges Russia's hegemony over her satellites.

Here, then, is the issue on which those who have been fighting German rearmament should now concentrate. Used as the Washington-Bonn axis will wish to use it, the Nine-Power treaty would rapidly transform a partitioned Germany into a European Korea and we should soon see two heavily armed satellite States committed to implacable hostility and ultimately to war. But this development is not inevitable; and Sir Anthony Eden should remember that in M. Mendès-France he has a stalwart ally who is deeply in Britain's debt. This means that an Anglo-French initiative in Europe is now possible which could bring successes even greater than those achieved at Geneva.

Crisis in Viet Nam

The following article, translated and slightly abridged from the French version published by L'Express, *has been written by Professor Buu-Hoï, a distinguished scientist now living in Paris. A member of the Imperial Family of Annam, the Professor was included in the delegation led by Ho Chi Minh at the Fontainbleau Conference in* 1946, *and recently visited Southern Viet Nam. Politically an Independent Nationalist, he has great popularity and influence in his country, and is spoken of as the future Prime Minister.*

WHEN the Armistice Agreement was signed at Geneva last July, the Free World could congratulate itself on having put an end, with a minimum of sacrifice, to a dangerous situation. In fact, considering the way in which the Indo-Chinese war had broken out in 1946, and, above all, the way in which it had been waged from start to finish, it was inevitable that it should appear, in the eyes of the peoples of Indo-China, and indeed of the whole Asian world, as a colonial war. Such a conflict, had it continued, was bound to result ultimately in a grave defeat for the Free World. For Viet Nam itself, the immediate result of the Armistice was that the population was saved from having tactical atomic weapons tried out on their territory. As for relations between France and Viet Nam, the agreement signed by M. Mendès-France removed at long last the ambiguity of French political intentions: it opened a new chapter, in which the French might participate in a friendly and lasting co-operation aimed at the physical and moral reconstruction of Indo-China. Finally, the Vietnamese Nationalists living to the South of the demarcation line drawn on the 17th Parallel could see, on their side, the possibility of achieving a real national solidarity.

Such solidarity could not be achieved without the inclusion of the *attentistes*—that is, the

Nationalists who had declined, during the war, to take up a position of hostility to Viet Minh's political position. Their view was that, even if the Communists had exploited the Resistance as a means of imposing on the country a good deal of their Party tenets and discipline, they had also realised a number of aims which could be fairly called "National". Failing such solidarity, it would be impossible for Southern Viet Nam to contribute towards realising the possibility—envisaged at Geneva—that a balance of forces might be established in South-East Asia which would deter any aggressive adventures.

Having observed that the Armistice came at a moment when there were signs among the Great Powers, on both sides, of an easing of the Cold War, and that the Communist challenge to Southern Viet Nam is essentially political, economic and social, the writer argues that Western strategy should have been to "arm" the South politically, instead of supplying military weapons which the country neither needed nor could use effectively.

The relevant points of comparison between the two rival regimes in Indo-China are (i) their constitutional structures, and (ii) the way their administrations function. Now, the Communist State of Northern Viet Nam has today its own constitution. Whatever be the solid worth of this constitution in human terms, all that the State of Southern Viet Nam has to put up against it is an ill-defined regime which is a bundle of war-time expedients rather than the organic charter of a State. Furthermore, it is undeniable that Viet Minh has an honest and efficient administration, whereas, in the South, the areas which have lapsed into the direct control of the Sects and of the National Army are now subject either to complete anarchy or to an administration which the Head of the Government is using almost exclusively to further his personal or his family interests.

This accounts for the fact that two-thirds of the territory allocated to the Nationalists is still effectively under Communist administration, although the International Control Commission has not reported any breach of the "regroupment" terms. The results of this administrative vacuum have just been illustrated tragically by the bloody conflicts which have taken place in the Plaine des Joncs between troops of the Hoa-Hoa sect and those of the Cao-Dai sect—both contending for an area which had been evacuated by the Viet Minh. It would have been easy to avoid such incidents if the Head of the Government had really acted as arbiter between these Sects—both of whom are represented in his Ministry.

The National Army, despite the bravery of officers and men, still finds itself seriously handicapped by the circumstances of its formation, and paralysed by a clash of wills which has led it into opposition to the Head of the Government. The authorities responsible for conducting the war in Indo-China regarded their Vietnamese troops as so much "small change" included in the French Expeditionary Corps. Victim of that error of policy, the National Army today finds itself denied the right to play the role which it desires legitimately to play in time of peace—the political role common to every people's national army of our days.

In this atmosphere of governmental confusion, it is not surprising that the problem of resolving the conflict between the Sects should be assuming undue importance, although in the course of my recent visit to Viet Nam I had the clear impression that the leaders of all the Sects had a deep desire to co-operate in the interests of the nation. As it is, while the Communist challenge in the years ahead will clearly be not military, but ideological—a challenge which must be met by building in the South a politically and socially viable State—the present rulers of Viet Nam and their allies are binding themselves to the lessons of seven years of war. They are continuing the mistakes which have led to the rot only too visible today. In Southern Viet Nam, public life is still, as in the past, conditioned by the attitudes and methods which brought previous Governments to disaster.

The spectacle, day by day, of governmental incapacity in Southern Viet Nam has unfortunately led certain of our friends in the Free World to conclude that it is not worth while trying to remedy the political situation, and that a renewal of the war must therefore be regarded, even at this moment, as a possible eventuality. Hence the present President of the Council must be supported and kept in power at all costs—even at the risk of provoking the hostility of the whole Vietnamese nation, which is more opposed than ever to any form of colonialism. Furthermore, a programme of fortifications in the North of Cochin-China, costing tens of millions sterling, has been put in hand. The object is to stop a hypothetical invasion; yet the most effective future adversaries of the Government are precisely the peasants and workers, disillusioned and repressed, who are being recruited today for the construction of these defences. . . .

Thus it is that the fundamental errors of policy committed on our side have already, in the space of three months, greatly narrowed the scope of the international *détente* in South-East Asia which followed the agreements in Geneva. By supporting the despotism of the present regime, and denying all liberty, individual and collective, the present policy in Southern Viet Nam is paving the way for a fresh defeat and a new set-back for the Free World. Finally, in neglecting to promote or reinforce solidarity with the Colombo Powers, and in seeking on the contrary the backing of chauvinists, Asian or Western, who can never carry their peoples along with them, current policies have gravely compromised Viet Nam's future field of diplomatic action. The inevitable corollary is the incredible unpopularity of the existing regime, which is morally and materially bankrupt despite the economic and financial aid generously lent by France and the U.S. History has never known a long life for a regime which, in a period of peace, neglects all the human tasks, economic and social, before it, in order to concentrate on creating a war psychosis.

Is there still time to save the situation? Or must one now regard as inevitable the lapse of the whole of Viet Nam into Communist hands, without any attempt even being made to influence Viet Minh policy in a less totalitarian direction? We Vietnamese Nationalists refuse thus to admit our defeat so long as we have been given no opportunity to meet the political, social and economic challenge with which Viet Minh confronts us. This challenge can and must be met by forming in Southern Viet Nam a real "Government of National Solidarity" and establishing a just and honest administration whose function is to serve the people and not to exploit it in the interests of groups or individuals. . . .

If this be done, economic measures—land reform and the probable need for the State to undertake the running of some nationally important enterprises which it will launch—will no longer be subject to the whim of a few individuals. Plans will be carefully worked out in consultation with the leaders of workers' and peasants' trade unions, whose development will be fostered. The financial aid furnished by France and the U.S. will not be wasted, as it is today, by trying to win for the Head of the Government popular support to which his political ineptitude gives him no title. On the contrary, this aid will be devoted to giving Southern Viet Nam a solid, economic "armament," and to developing foreign trade, through which the volume of assistance given by our French and American allies can eventually be reduced.

Lastly, efforts will be made to establish relations with M. Jean Sainteny's mission in Hanoi, in the hope of finding the basis for an economic *modus vivendi* with the Northern zone. Such an accord could be based on the exchange of rice for mineral products, so that the peoples of Viet Nam, North and South, would suffer less from the present political partition of the country. Given these conditions, the State of Southern Viet Nam would be able to contemplate, without apprehension, the prospect—at present terrifying—of having "mixed bodies" set up as provided in the Geneva Agreements. It would be possible also to discuss frankly the problem of holding elections and of securing the unification of Viet Nam on the basis of respect for individual liberty and a fulfilment of the nation's evident desire for peace.

London Diary

THREE centuries have passed since the Commons feared that the King might govern without Parliament, with the help of a standing army. But, characteristically, the safeguards it devised, one of which was the annual passing of the Army Act, remain until this very week. This ancient anomaly is likely to come to an end, as a result of a skilful bit of sharp-shooting thought up by George Wigg and Geoffrey Bing two years ago. By putting down some two hundred and fifty amendments to the Act, which the Government could not evade, the Tories were forced to capitulate and to agree to set up a Committee to examine the whole position of the British soldier. Mr. Wigg knows more than most people about this subject. He was a Sergeant-Major in the Regular Army when I first knew him twenty years ago; during the last war, as a Colonel, he was one of a small group who effectively reorganised army education. On Friday of this week the Committee's report is being debated in the Commons.

* * *

George Wigg has never been able to see why the education of soldiers' children and the housing conditions of soldiers should not be as good as those of other people, or why the class distinction between officers and men should be maintained in the matter of punishment. It used to be supposed that an officer was adequately punished by being cashiered, which means very little today except that he will be expelled from his club in St. James's. I gather that this anomaly is coming to an end and that the whole controversial question of field punishments for cowardice and similar crimes is being reformed on modern lines. Constitutionally the Act is no longer to be automatically pushed through each year, but to be subject to quinquennial examination. This seems a sensible way of keeping the Army up to date. It would be hard to find a more valuable case of initiative by private Members than this report. Though Mr. Wigg is only one of the Members responsible for these reforms, it is likely that the old anomalies would have remained indefinitely if Mr. Wigg had not known his subject, had the sense to see his opportunity and the toughness to use it.

I should think the Labour Party Executive will move very warily after reading the withering reply which Jennie Lee, Michael Foot, and J. P. W. Mallalieu have sent to its threatening letter. There is certainly less reason for disciplining the editorial board of *Tribune* than for dealing with Mr. Deakin, who described his trade union colleagues as "a moronic crowd of irresponsible adventurers." The word "scurrilous," which the Executive used about the *Tribune's* hard-hitting, but factual, attack on Mr. Deakin, could properly be applied to his attacks on Mr. Barrett and others, whom he has also described as dupes or Communists. (On the face of it, several of Mr. Deakin's remarks would seem to be legally actionable.) The *Tribune's* reply to the Executive does not deny its right to discipline faction within the party, but it justifies its attack on Mr. Deakin, who in this case was technically in a position of trying to break an official strike, and it bases itself on the right and tradition of full criticism within the Party. Here it will have the support of all the politically conscious rank-and-file. It is surely inconceivable that the Executive should expel popular members in the Party because they attack leading officials—unless they want the Party to degenerate into a lifeless bureaucracy.

* * *

For a party with the lively tradition of the British Labour Party, this warning would have seemed unnecessary had it not been for other alarming tendencies. Whether the issue be that of the Party's attitude to German rearmament, or any other important question, the practice, increasingly, is for debate and formulation of policy to take place "upstairs"—a procedure which forestalls debate and decisions in the House itself. The Party decision having been made, it then becomes disloyal—at what point "disloyalty" becomes punishable is not clear—for Labour M.P.s to express independent views in the House of Commons. This means that they cease to be Members of Parliament in the old sense; they no longer represent their constituents and they may not exercise their own judgment; they are the slaves of a caucus. If the reply is made that they need not belong to the party, the answer is that under present electoral conditions it is no longer possible to be elected as an M.P. if you do not receive the party whip.

* * *

You will remember the lengths to which the Nazis went in order to prove Jewish extraction as defined by Nuremberg laws. The Courts in South Africa are confronted (I see from a pile of newspaper cuttings in front of me) with a similarly cruel and preposterous problem set by Malan's legislation denying rights to non-Europeans. Here is a case in which a man, who had always been classed as a "European," was fined £50 for the crime of buying and living in a house which had hitherto belonged to a European. In another case a man of Portuguese extraction had been praised by the Judge for fighting on behalf of his child who had been refused admission to a school which only accepted the offspring of European parents. It was considered that the child's mother must be classified as of mixed descent. The father, in the end, withdrew his case. Nothing seems to have been said about the wickedness of creating throughout South Africa a State in which the majority have the status of helots, but feeling has really been roused in the Cape, which has always had a mixed community where Coloured and White have, in the words of the *Cape Times*, from 300 years' experience worked out "a practice of tolerance." The *Cape Times* says:

> Then came the Nationalist Government with legislative power given to the obscene fears and short-sighted dogmatism of men and women only two generations removed from the frontier, to whom the intuitive and humane wisdom of the Cape tradition meant nothing. Their colleagues in the Cape, instead of standing up to them and defending humanity and wisdom, cowered away from the fear of being called *kleurlingboeties*, or some such endearment, and abetted them in their translation of dogmatic prejudice into laws whose chief result has been to break individual hearts, to embitter race relations, and to show by one anomaly after another that the laws are ill-considered, unworkable and cruel.

* * *

I see no sense or humanity in keeping Baron von Neurath, who is ill and 81, in jail, but I do see—and how can any sane person fail to see?—something terribly ominous in the triumphal national welcome given him on his release. In England, I suppose it is forgotten that he was the man whose word was law in Czecho-Slovakia during the war. Or is it that we have forgotten what happened in Czecho-Slovakia during the war? In Germany no one seems very interested in what Germans did when Hitler was Führer. Dr. Adenauer sent a telegram to Von Neurath's home congratulating him on his restoration to his family—which can be reasonably explained as a proper act of courtesy. But what of President Heuss (one of the most "liberal" of Western German leaders) who, on behalf of the Federal Republic, sent a personal letter of satisfaction that the Protector of Bohemia-Moravia has been released from "martyrdom"?

* * *

No "This England" entry recurs more often than some British big-wig's remark that we should get along all right with the Russians—or Germans, or Italians, or French, or any other nation which is being awkward at the time—if only they would play cricket. Why not soccer? say the Russians, and proceed to manœuvre a football as if it were merely a chessman. The "This England" entrants prove right. A televised game with Arsenal does more for co-existence than a thousand political speeches. Malenkov clearly understands the virtue of "cultural diplomacy." Moscow is no longer afraid of comparison abroad; this year Soviet intellectuals, artists, and athletes are all subjected to the temptations of the West. (Only the politically involved sometimes succumb in Germany.) Apart from the sports team and the footballers who have come to London, we have Katchaturian, Oistrakh and Leonov in this country at the moment; mathematicians and chemists have been to Amsterdam, stamp-collectors to India, philosophers to Switzerland, ophthamologists to Canada and chess players to London and Argentina. These are only a few examples. The return invitations seem to have been equally catholic. From a long list I note such interesting groups as Greek dancers and Egyptian wrestlers, as well as Ministers and officials from Burma and India. On this level the Cold War seems to be thawing, and our own Home and Foreign Offices have co-operated by providing our present visitors from Moscow with visas they were late in applying for. And the Russians appreciated the lack of fuss and formality.

* * *

It has been obvious for a long time from a study of the glossy press—as well as from the few of my friends who are experts at first-hand—that the Mecca of feminine style and fashion has largely shifted from Paris to Rome. In shoes, in what shopkeepers call accessories (which seems to mean handbags, umbrellas and artificial jewellery) and in hair-dressing, Rome, I am told on high authority, is now in the lead. The top Paris fashion-houses still have, of course, an unchallenged reputation. There is no Roman *couturier* as well known as Dior or as much sought after as Fath or Balenciaga. But these Olympians of fashion do not typify a city. Paris grew famous for fashion only partly because of the *haute couture*—even more because of the *chic* and style of the midinette. Parisiennes today, outside the most fashionable streets, look a drab lot—especially beside the Roman girls, who tumble out of their shops and offices as pretty as peaches, and most of them dressed and barbered to shame an English duchess.

CRITIC

PRAY SILENCE!

"The Ministers of the Crown have caused the main stream of prosperity, through creeks and inlets of sound economy, to come flooding in."—*The Lord Mayor.*

Say not the banquet naught availeth,
The second, grander Lord Mayor's Show!
Those whom the civic spread regaleth
Enjoy the rosy afterglow.

The whole perspective smiles and mellows
As brimming bumpers mark the toast.
"Pray, silence!" the Toastmaster bellows,
And London hears the City's host.

His words inspiring and prophetic
Our new prosperity disclose—
State solvency, a theme poetic,
Outsoars the bonds of Guildhall prose.

The golden tide through Britain sweeping,
Replenishes the Treasury hoard,
And up the creeks and inlets creeping
It irrigates the City Ward.

Here, through appropriate channels welling,
It brings a Civil Service rise,
And there, in vaster volume swelling,
Prospers commercial enterprise.

Tumultuous cheers and frantic clapping
Applaud prosperity for all!
But while the golden flood is lapping
The firm foundations of Guildhall,

Those living on their old-age pensions,
("Pray silence!") still are asking why,
When floods have grown to such dimensions,
Some creeks and inlets stay bone dry.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The warm, noble music of Beethoven, Schubert or Brahms, for example, needs a dignified setting such as the Albert Hall—regardless of its acoustics. —Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (M. B. Nicholas.)

Last night, as he stood in his new three-bedroomed house, his 33-year-old wife Amy said: "We've got everything we want now. I'm satisfied. I've a fridge, a washer and a television set and that's all I want in life."—*Newcastle Daily Journal*. (C. S. Richardson.)

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, W. J. Ousby's next article on *Yoga* has had to be held over until next month.—*Prediction*. (E. Warren Vicars.)

A roadsweeper who cleaned the gutters of the High Street, Pershore, Worcestershire, but ignored the litter on the pavement told Mr. E. R. Baller, a parish councillor, that cleaning the pavements was the job of the Parish Council; he worked for the County Council.—*Manchester Guardian*. (F. W. Moss.)

A Parish Pump in a Dry Dock

ARRIVALS and departures at the Haven include Viking and Irish pirates, kings, men about to be kings and Roundheads. Milford was founded in the 18th century by American Quakers needing a whaling base. The Quakers stayed and built a town notably symmetrical in design. Latterly smaller fish have been caught and the town is now the fourth in importance of the British fishing ports. There is a scheme in hand to make the town important in other ways, to capitalise on one of the world's most magnificent natural harbours, which, except in time of war, has been most oddly neglected.

The scheme which was announced in January by the new directors of the Milford Dock Company—when they took over after the shares had risen sharply—is simple. It involves building into the Haven three docks, 800ft. by 320ft., one of them dry, capable of accommodating ships of up to 45,000 tons. The docks will be built in the style of the Mulberry Harbour and will cost two million pounds. There are other minor improvements already being carried out within the docks but this is the most important scheme. Its aim is equally simple. The Directors have recognised that the new trend in the oil trade is to build tankers of high tonnage, often of 45,000 tons. There are no docks available in this country for servicing and overhauling these tankers—for these services they have to go to Holland or Japan. They also recognise that the size of these ships presents problems of unloading to other ports in the United Kingdom. They hope, in fact, that the tankers will come to Milford for repairs and, once they are in the habit of doing so, that they will unload there as well. The oil can then be pumped by overland pipe-line to refineries in the United Kingdom.

There are advantages peculiar to Milford which help the scheme. The Milford Dock Company has the unusual right to the water of the Haven to the five-fathom line, a statutory right granted in the 19th century. To consolidate this right the Company is introducing a Bill into Parliament this session. Building out to sea is cheaper than building inland, so that all in all it looks like an extremely enterprising move. It also looks like a scheme one would think the inhabitants of the town and the County of Pembrokeshire would rejoice at. But such isn't the case at all.

Disquiet has many sources in the town. There is the instinctive disbelief of the small man in the presence of big schemes—a healthy enough reaction. Here the disbelief is conditioned by a history of failure in the Pembrokeshire ports. Once upon a time Fishguard was to be the main Atlantic port; railway lines were laid direct from London; a great hotel was built. But the sea was too rough for passengers to disembark from liners, so the great ships went elsewhere. The hotel stood empty and neglected until it had a glorious if eccentric hour when John Huston's "Moby Dick" company took it over this summer. There is the fear of the trawlermen, which reassurances won't dissipate, that the Dock Company—the landlord—will concentrate on the new enterprises at the expense of the fishing fleet. The fishing industry is in a condition bad enough to make this extra worry assume exaggerated proportions. There is a suspicion among people who care about matters of that kind that the Dock Company is becoming too paternalistic, is too much the Commanding Officer. The ogres of Company shops, Company engineering works, the Company newspaper, the Company town are being bruited about by articulate Jonahs. The Company's Resident Director, Lt. General Durnford, is not exactly loved in the district. He is a dynamic and resourceful character with, for some people, too strong residual army traits—not a popular image in a county where the Service Departments occupy a great deal of territory, much of it of remarkable beauty.

Criticism of the Company is most lucidly articulated in the Haverfordwest *Western Telegraph and Cymric Times*. But before going into the complexities of a provincial newspaper controversy it is important to realise how strikingly devoted the people of Pembrokeshire are to their local Press. The population of the county is 90,000. Normally one could assume that this indicated some thirty thousand householders. But Pembrokeshire has an unusually high proportion of young people who, one may assume, are not taken up with parochial affairs. Shall we say these are 5,000 households? Assuming this we must bear in mind that there are a great many Service families in the county who, again, are not likely to be held to the fireside by the pressure of local information. Twenty-five thousand households then. But the *Western Telegraph* alone sells 20,000 copies. Its close rival the *West Wales Guardian*—also circulating throughout the county—sells some 13,000. There are three other weekly newspapers, one in Narbeth, another in Fishguard and, which is important to the narrative, one in Milford. These three have purely local sales, but jointly their circulation amounts to over 10,000. Over 43,000 local newspapers to 25,000 households is a state of affairs revealing intense interest. There is a factor which partly explains the situation: the principal newspapers publish on different days of the week. It remains, though, a remarkable testimony to the strength of the society, all the more since the newspapers are seriously concerned with local affairs, report at length, and comment in the proper place with intelligence and vigour.

The main contest is between the heavyweight *Telegraph* (price 4d., circulation 20,000) and the flyweight *Dyfed News* (price 3d., circulation 1,600). The *Telegraph* is critical of the Dock Company; the *Dyfed News* is owned by the Dock Company and was founded as recently as August this year. The *Telegraph* came out at the bell on September 30 with a leading article entitled "Flotsam on an Ebb Tide?" "What are the real prospects," it asked, "of the much-heralded schemes of Milford Haven as a tanker base?" It alleged that "from the first it was apparent that the flow of capital to support such an undertaking was extremely slow and not at the rate to promote the idea that there was unreserved confidence in the success of the venture." It went on to quote the annual report of Bailey's, the Newport shipbuilders, which contained the argument "Prospects in the ship-repairing industry are less bright than a year ago."

This was a shrewd blow because Bailey's have recently entered into an agreement with the Milford Dock Company and are, indeed, the managers of the Company's subsidiary, the Milford Dry Dock Company. The *Dyfed News* counter-punched at this and quoted at length Mr. H. A. J. Silley, President of the Institute of Marine Engineers, who maintained that the country greatly needed dry docks. *Touché*. Or, if you like, a left to the stomach after blocking the left lead—or partly blocking it, anyway.

The *Telegraph* followed up with an unsigned verse in which a reference was made to the General and his *Dyfed News*: the General, while hoping to be a "press baron," had simply created a "barren press." The *Dyfed News* came back with an anonymous poem of its own:

> The General has Milford at heart
> Has no wish to tear it apart.
> Some mistake his intentions
> His many inventions
> And wish he would quickly depart.

The poem goes on to ask for fair play and finishes up with the confidence that the General will laugh longest because he will laugh last.

Ideally, in these controversies, it seems to me, more points (as in boxing) should be awarded for good blows landed in attack than for those in defence. But the situation is not ideal because the editor of *Dyfed News* doesn't want to be in the ring at all. He believes—he is a war-time R.A.F. Group Captain and former test-pilot—if not in exactly turning the other cheek, at least in closing one's eyes, at times. He has, though, the edge on the editor of the *Telegraph* because he *knows* what is going on while his opponent has to torment himself and his readers with deductions from crumbs.

When I was in Milford events took an unexpected turn; the attack opened up on another front. It was the question of land, its sale or compulsory appropriation, than which there is nothing more stimulating these days to a newspaper editor. Let's call it the "Point Street Affair."

Alongside the existing dock wall in Milford is a street of old houses officially classed as slum dwellings. This is Point Street. I rode along it with the editor of the *Dyfed News* when he was taking me, in a fine Atlantic drizzle, to view the sea where the docks would be sunk. The houses did not look desirable. At the end of the street, some twenty yards from the dock gates, was a tobacconist's which depended for its custom on dock workers. The Urban District Council wanted to buy all Point Street. The tobacconist did not want to sell. And here one meets another of the Company's minor schemes which has soured local opinion. One of its subsidiaries has acquired a local cafeteria and established it within the docks. It is a cosy café, brightly painted; above the counter is the Company flag, dark blue for the Navy (one of the directors is a Commander), red for the Army (Lt. General Durnford) and light blue for the R.A.F. (yes, another senior officer). Its presence is severe competition for the small trader at the gate who did not want to sell his shop.

His central role in the Point Street Affair was clear. Certain elements in the county would not have been unhappy if the drama could have reached a second act, if not a dénouement; if the U.D.C. had been forced to purchase compulsorily. But the tobacconist was offered a good price and an alternative site around the corner. He sold. The U.D.C. offered the land to the Dock Company. The offer was accepted.

The following day the *Telegraph* made this comment:

> The voluntary sale of the property removes what might have been an interesting constitutional point. Could the Council, had they acquired the property by compulsory means have passed it on to a previously selected private undertaking without offering it to others who might have been interested. This action of the Council in committing themselves to a sale to the Dock Company smacks of privilege and undue preference.

Hard words. Five days later the *Dyfed News* came back with the headline: "Work On New Dock To Begin Next Year." The acquisition of Point Street by the Company, it said, was the beginning of the scheme. It only remained now for the formalities to be gone through—Act of Parliament, issue of contracts, etc.—and Milford

Haven would gain its heritage. And where was the money coming from? The *Dyfed News* answered the *Telegraph* with the words the General used to me: "It is not the liability of the Board of Directors of a Limited Company to make public announcements concerning the Company's financial policies, and no statement can be anticipated."

The gulls squabble over the fishing boats, the fish trains pull out for the markets; in the brilliant blue of the Haven a white ship is immaculate in the sun. Everyone is waiting for June, 1955 and the concrete to be lowered into the sea, waiting with infinite variations of confidence, with a hope that will not allow itself to appear for fear of a smack in the eye.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Footnote on the Civil Service

IT often used to be asked in Left circles whether a Socialist Government would be thwarted by the Civil Service. Didn't most of the senior officials stem from the ruling class and share their outlook? However impartial they might try to be, could one reasonably expect them to throw themselves wholeheartedly into furthering schemes which, they were convinced, were contrary to the national interest? This problem is one of those dealt with, together with many others concerning the Civil Service, in a series of informative articles in the current issue of *The Political Quarterly*. The answer implicit in these articles, and now generally accepted, is that the loyalty of the Civil Service to the Government of the day is absolute.

Agreed. But another question arises. To what extent, and under what conditions, does the influence of the Civil Service modify or even impede Government policy? No one with any experience of office would deny that this does happen, under certain circumstances. It is interesting to consider what those circumstances are. My own experience is of some relevance, because I was concerned with implementing two of Labour's politically most controversial measures. As Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, I participated in all the activities that led up to the nationalisation of transport, including the hotly disputed nationalisation of long-distance road haulage. As Minister of Supply, I was wholly responsible for the nationalisation of the iron and steel industry. If there had been any tendency, conscious or unconscious, on the part of the Civil Servants to put the brake on Socialist reforms, it would surely have manifested itself here. I can bear testimony that there was none.

Of course the officials pointed out the difficulties that would be encountered, the dislocation that might ensue and the many awkward problems that would have to be solved. This was done in fulfillment of their duty to give their Minister advice, based on their technical knowledge, about *all* the probable consequences of the policy he proposed to pursue. Nevertheless, if the Government had not been resolute, these warnings might well have resulted in a change of policy or at any rate a delay in its application. On the other hand, if the Civil Servants had remained silent and some untoward development had later taken place which caught the Minister unaware, he would rightly have censured them. And if the Minister, in submitting his recommendations to the Cabinet, had failed to set out in his memorandum all the major relevant considerations, he would rightly have been censured by the Prime Minister.

After the Cabinet had endorsed the general principles on which the nationalisation of the iron and steel industry was to proceed, the next step was to hammer out all the sub-principles and details of the Bill. The problems involved were new and complex. In view of the character of the industry, it was impossible to follow the pattern laid down in previous nationalisation measures. A series of conferences was held, over which I presided, of the senior Civil Servants of my Department. For the most part I sat back and listened as the arguments were bandied across the table, sometimes with considerable heat. Those taking part were technicians engaged in working out technical problems. And those one or two who, I happened to know, held strong private views against the public ownership of this industry threw themselves into the task as wholeheartedly as any. They were concerned with doing a good job in which they could individually take pride and which would redound to the credit of their Department as a whole.

I mention this personal experience as evidence that, under the conditions that existed here, the Civil Service can be relied upon to give everything it has in carrying out Government policy. But those conditions do not always apply. The Ministry of Supply is a comparatively new Department with none of the disadvantages which can flow from too strong an aura of tradition. In such an atmosphere it is far easier to assimilate new ideas. It must also be added that the Permanent Secretary to the Ministry, the late Sir Archibald Rowlands, was a man of progressive views as well as of outstanding ability. The extent to which the personality of a Permanent Secretary influences the entire tone of the Department is not sufficiently appreciated by students of Government administration.

Moreover, the Department had a definite mandate and a time-table for nationalising the iron and steel industry, which necessitated prompt and firm decisions on all the issues involved. The situation is entirely different where a Minister is himself uncertain what he wants to do and is therefore unable to give clear instructions. Then policy memoranda flow interminably from one official to another while many of those who write them know that change in well-established policy often means trouble, danger and criticism. Without firm direction from the top a combination of fear and natural inertia is bound to retard action. Where this happens it is not the Civil Service that is to blame, but the Minister.

The real difficulty arises in Departments such as the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office where the Minister is forced to rely on the information supplied to him by his officials. Too often he has to accept the advice of his Department's representatives on the spot. He knows their views will be objective, but he has no means of checking the extent, if any, that these may be unconsciously warped by local pressures. It is in these dangerous circumstances that the Civil Service not only greatly influences but even makes Government policy. During the Labour administration this type of advice was often magnificently correct (and surprisingly "Left"). At other times, as for instance in the Middle East, it was disastrously wrong.

My comments refer to senior Civil Servants as a group. Exceptionally, some of my colleagues found an individual officer whose mind was so set that he had developed an unconscious resistance to any change. In such rare instances the only thing to do was to move him to some other section of the Department.

Is there any substance in the criticism that there is too much security in the Civil Service? To a limited extent I think there is. There are some men occupying important posts who ought not to be there. Many have done exceptionally fine work in the past, but have been drained of their vitality by the strain of the war and immediate post-war years. So there are strong human reasons for keeping them in the Service. Theoretically, it is now possible to retire an officer, with a pension, at any time after the age of 50. On one occasion I tried to do this. I roused against myself all the camaraderie of the Civil Service and every obstacle was put in my way. Eventually a compromise solution was evolved. I can honestly say that this was the only time I was thwarted by my officials.

G. R. STRAUSS

Next Week

WINE SUPPLEMENT

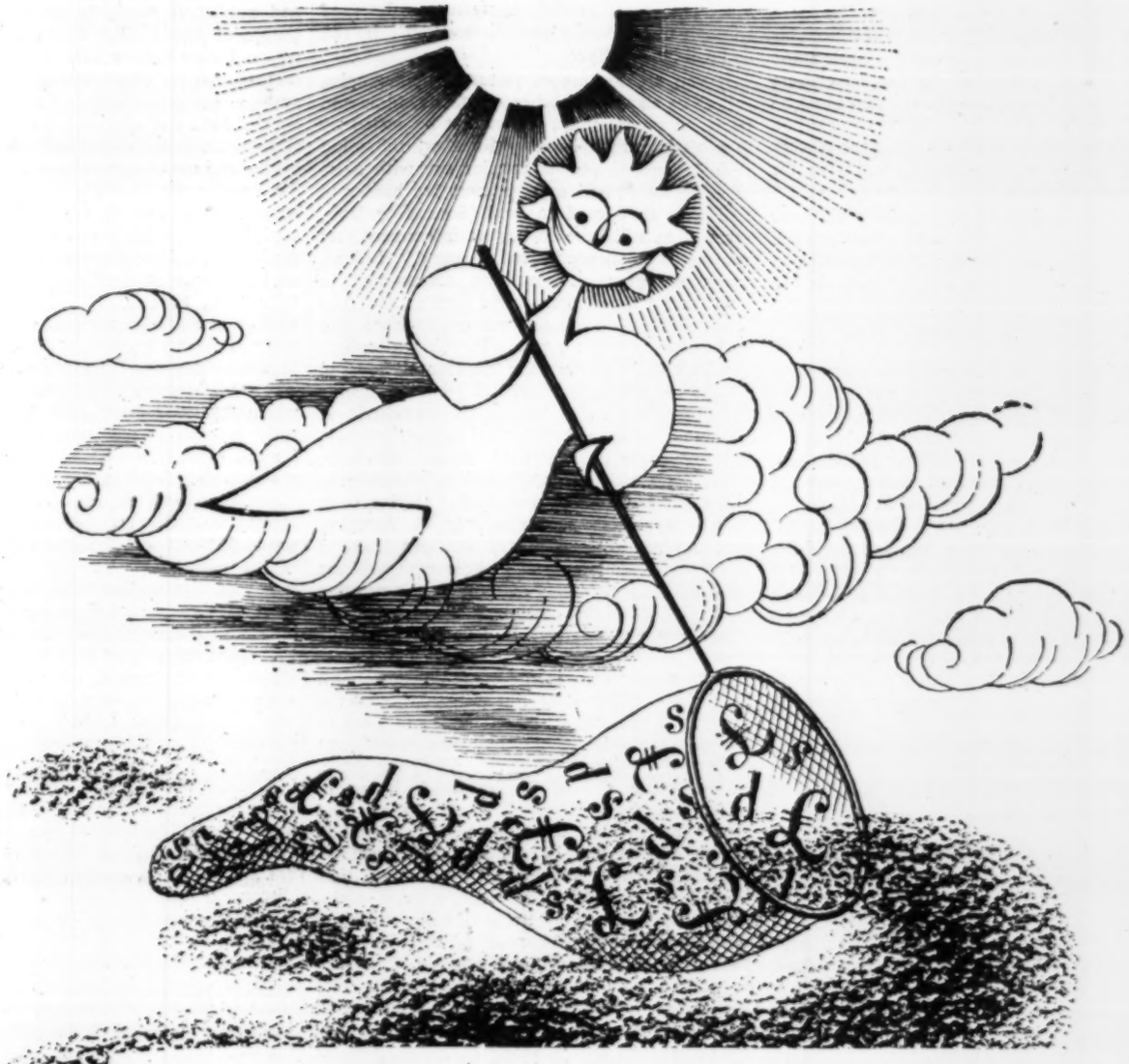
A guide for the festive season

Thoughts in the Wilderness

ANOTHER REVOLUTION

THE other day, reading the Prologue to Collingwood's *Speculum Mentis*, I came to the following passage: "The actual output of pictures and statues, poems and string quartets does not fail of its market because of its own low quality; for the purchasers do not buy the best, because they have not the skill to distinguish it; and anyone who doubts this can prove it to himself by merely walking round an exhibition of pictures and observing which of them are marked with red seals. . . ." This was written just over thirty years ago. Now I have walked round a good many exhibitions of pictures during the last ten years, often prepared to buy something I particularly liked, and it has been my experience that after the first few days, in an exhibition that is selling at all, it is undoubtedly the best pictures that bear the red seals and have already been bought. The purchasers have changed since Collingwood's time. They have probably less money but they have better taste and judgment. There has in fact been a revolution that, so far as I know, no social philosopher anticipated, and that even now deserves more attention than it has received. And it might save some of us a good deal of time and temper if we understood what has happened and is still happening.

I do not know what is happening to other nations, but I am certain that among us English the visual appreciation of things has increased while the literary sense is decaying. Years ago I noticed that my own children lived more through the eye than I had done at their age, and that at the same time they did not lose themselves in books as I had done. It did not occur to me then that perhaps a general shift of attention was taking place. Now I am sure that what had happened in my family had also happened in thousands of others. These post-war years have shown us the results of this change. Whatever appeals first to the eye attracts immediate attention. The important art exhibitions, as we have seen, draw big crowds at once. Even the more modest shows, if they are fairly representative, are always well filled. More and more art books are published



SMOG is made up of pounds, shillings & poison

Every puff of smoke up the chimney is raw material—wealth—down the drain! For coal is a raw material of great National importance. From it—if it isn't burnt raw—come nylons and medicines, paints and fertilizers, vitamins, motor spirit and many more things. All these things are saved if coal is carbonised, not burnt. And just as important, the gas and coke that result are smokeless fuels—all heat and no smog. Thus with one stone Mr. Therm kills two hateful birds—waste of wealth and a menace to health.

GAS AND **COKE**—*heat without smoke*

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and sold, in spite of their high cost. There are more and more books in which the text is a mere excuse for the photographs. It is the popular illustrated periodicals that survive. People must have something to stare at, as the advertisers know. It is the demands of the eye that must be satisfied first. What was once chiefly the method of the kindergarten, to catch the attention of very young children, is now imitated far and wide, for every possible purpose.

Post-war entertainment proves the point over and over again. Ballet uses music, but its chief appeal is to the eye, and the popularity of ballet shows no sign of waning. (Even here in the Isle of Wight, where we do not even pretend to be in the movement, the only Arts Council import that paid for itself, I understand, was rather sketchy ballet.) The ice shows, which play to fantastic business, pipe out some indifferent words and music, but they are of course designed for the eye. In order to survive at all, the Theatre, especially in its larger productions, has had to seduce the visual sense, whatever might happen to the mind behind it. The most successful directors are visual directors, often working as if they were producing ballet and not drama. It is this fashion that is working havoc with some Shakespeare productions, which will omit some of his most exquisite poetry so that there is more time for pageantry and eye-filling antics. The Bard has almost been turned into a clothes line. His newest directors, who seem to have no feeling for words, are ready to cut any other line.

The Film may have lost some ground as all-round entertainment during these last few years, but as a modest art form, as a visual creation of director and cameraman, it attracts more and more of the young. This is proved by the success of the British Film Institute and the hundred-and-one local societies it encourages. From the ballet the young London highbrows go swarming to any West End cinema showing a film that has been praised by the more austere critics, those concerned with visual values. Very few of these youngsters are to be found at any unspectacular play, no matter how original and powerful it might be. They no longer want words and ideas, not even those of Messrs. Eliot and Fry. The visual sense must be fed and satisfied: they must have objective images, beautiful and significant if possible, but at a pinch almost any will do.

Finally—as the film boys say, the Big Payoff—Television. Notice that it exists continually in a champagne atmosphere of ballyhoo and excitement that sound radio, even in its greatest days, never knew. Make two successful appearances in *Who's Your Father?* and the red carpets are rolled out from Lime Grove to the Caprice Restaurant. Here is the Giant Eye in fine frenzy rolling. One turn of a switch, and the images pour in. True, there may be words and music—and I will delightedly grant you that now this is anything but a "land without music"—but ask any television producer what his first concern is. It is the visual sense that must be tickled and flattered first. And with this medium, delivered on any hearth rug, we are as yet only making a rough-and-ready start: a choice of programmes, larger screens, colour and closer definition, all are yet to come and all have been promised. And because its own chief appeal is to the eye, then its programmes will tend to emphasize more and more what appeals to the eye in the world outside. The children are its slaves. So a huge generation not of readers or listeners but of viewers is now moving towards what we hope can be called maturity. Unless there should be a sharp reaction—always a possibility among us pendulum creatures—the final triumph of the visual sense is assured. In the end will be The Eye.

If you are looking at pictures, photographs, ballet, ice shows and other spectacles, films and television programmes, you cannot be curled up in a chair with a book. Moreover, the mind finds it hard to use its interior eye with a lot of noise about, and quiet corners are harder to find than they used to be. (Sooner or later, some of us will have to buy an instrument that can switch on silence instead of sound.) Indeed, many youngsters are now so accustomed to noise that a quiet room seems sinister and they have to bring a radio set or a gramophone into it, for sheer security's sake. In this atmosphere it is impossible for the art of literature to flourish. All the conditions and habits of mind are against it. The inner eye cannot be exercised. A feeling for words, a sense of their magical potency, can no longer be acquired. Some interest in ideas, on which the appreciation of literature also depends, is hardly felt at all. (It has been noted by educators, particularly in America, that too much visual instruction can make a youngster's mind unfit to grapple with abstract ideas.) So the necessary equipment of a genuine reader has not been assembled. The password that opens the old treasure cave has been forgotten.

Here some critics, in my view, do more harm than good. These are the critics who take a lofty and somewhat arrogant stand, and seem to regard themselves as the ferocious theologians and grand inquisitors of the art. They announce, with that air of cold finality which impresses undergraduates and repels their fathers and mothers, that only a few books by a few carefully chosen authors can be regarded as Literature, and that all else is rubbish on which no time should be wasted. (The critic's own works, presumably, are an exception.) Thus, Stendhal is Literature, Dumas is not; Henry James is Literature, W. W. Jacobs is not. And nothing is gained, but much lost, by this hoity-toity treatment. It is better to assume that all writing not merely informative, all poems, novels, essays, even criticism, are *literature of a sort*, ranging from the shockingly bad to the good and glorious. A lad who has enjoyed Dumas may come to enjoy Stendhal. Jacobs, a genuine artist in his own kind, may lead to James. Because, in my youth, a lot of girls received at Christmas and birthdays their limp-leather editions of FitzGerald's *Omar*, many of them went on to buy and read newer poets, with the result that poetry found its way into the lists of all good publishers. So long as there are readers, trying this and that, there is hope for literature. It has been our misfortune that just when reading itself, as a pleasurable activity, was challenged, when the easier visual sense began to be immensely catered for, we should have developed a school of critics who spent more time warning people away from literature than encouraging them to enjoy it. They were the allies of the outer not the inner eye. If they are now appalled by the success of these visual things, partly at the expense of literature, it serves them right: they helped to steer people away from the bookshops.

INDEX TO VOL. XLVII

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Books come out, of course, and by the thousand, and publishers strangely multiply, to swell the chorus of *Ruin*! But it cannot be denied that we no longer behave as if we were primarily a literary nation. The space given to books and authors has dwindled. The mere attention, let alone the old excitement, is not what it was. (Dylan Thomas's tragic early death, more than his life and works, gave him sudden prominence.) To a writer the atmosphere of Paris seems quite strange now, because Paris is still a literary capital and London is not. Sartre, no towering genius, is capable of generating more excitement on both banks of the Seine than all of us could raise here, even if the whole Council of the Society of Authors marched along the Embankment in our underpants, making a last desperate appeal to the visual if not to the literary sense. The grim harrying of the educated middle-class, which has long been both the chief producer and consumer of literature, has done something for this revolution too. If our rulers were to be photographed holding a book instead of patting a racehorse, both the important political sections of our people, the magnates and the trade unionists, would feel that some contact with the great heart of the nation had been lost. But even what is left of that middle-class, which has given us most of these bearded young men and untidy girls with horse-tail hair, has been seduced by the visual appeal, is growing up to expect its images to be created for it, is forgetting the ancient magic of words and any passion for ideas. Sometimes I think they are being encouraged to go this way—for it is not our old art that receives the subsidies—because they will be all the easier to handle. The busy eye is less rebellious than the lively mind. No barricades will be manned by *montage* enthusiasts, balletomanes, and the patrons of *Desert Song on Ice*. (And if publishers think they can still discover a few lively minds, what about putting a few of them in the dock, to be bullied by lawyers, then fined or imprisoned? That ought to rattle these fellows.) Meanwhile, we writers must accept the fact of this revolution. Soon we may have to take in one another's washing. It will be a change from trying to cut one another's throats.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Hands Through the Curtain

I WAS outside the hut washing when I noticed three men walking towards me along the shore. Since I was on an expedition surveying an uninhabited part of the Arctic this was unusual; so I went in and found my companions. There were only three of us in the hut that day as the rest of our party were carrying loads up to the glacier in preparation for a sledging journey over the ice-cap. We three had slept on as we had come in very late the night before.

The three men came nearer, and we could see that one of them, rather menacingly, carried a gun over his shoulder. They approached us and shouted a greeting. They were, as we had half expected, Russians; for Spitsbergen is one of the few parts of the world where a man from the East can get out of a boat and pay a social call on a man from the West. For centuries these Arctic islands were a no-man's-land where whalers, trappers and rival mining concerns lived without the law, and they only became Norwegian territory in 1925. The Spitsbergen

Treaty of February, 1920, imposed severe restrictions on Norwegian sovereignty, however. The islands were demilitarised, and the subjects of all the signatory Powers were given equal economic rights there. Since then Scottish, Dutch, Swedish and Russian companies, as well as Norwegian, have all attempted to exploit the coal which is the main mineral wealth of the region; but today only the Norwegians and Russians remain. There are now about two thousand Norwegian miners working at Longyearby and Ny Alesund (the most northerly settlement on earth they will tell you) and about the same number of Russians working the mines at Pyramiden, Grumant City and Barentsburg.

We knew no Russian, but one of our visitors spoke some slow and halting English and was the interpreter for the party. They had been at Grumant City on a coal boat and had heard from the Norwegian Governor that some English people would be at the hut, and so they had come to pay us a visit. They had visited other English parties in previous years. We were from different countries he said, but in the Arctic there was a fellowship between all. The shot-gun was for shooting puffins which they stuffed and took back to Russia as presents for their children.

The leader had an expansive smile which showed a gold tooth, but his two companions were rather dour and sullen—but since they could not understand one word of the conversation their position was difficult. They were plainly and warmly dressed in sombre colours. The spokesman wore a blue serge suit and overcoat, and the man with the gun wore a leather jacket and a cap with a rather military appearance. We three Englishmen who met them contrasted strangely, for although the latitude was over 78 deg. N. we were lightly dressed in shirt sleeves and slippers, with one of us simply in pyjamas and a pullover. In spite of the Russians' declarations that it was cold, it was, if anything, rather warmer than the London we had left behind us in July.

We asked them in to have some coffee. The hut was in its usual state of confusion, with a litter of porridge and ship's biscuits on the table and piles of bedding and clothing on the floor and in the bunks. A book was on the table—perhaps a little unfortunately it was Dickens's *Hard Times*. We continued the conversation as well as we could, but the going was not easy, and it took some while to establish each small item of gossip. Meanwhile the coffee water was slow in coming to the boil, and the boat from which the Russians had landed stood out in the bay, their shipmates waiting with growing impatience. They said they must be going, and politely declining our invitations to wait longer for the coffee as a parting gift, they handed us a bottle of vodka. We shook hands all round very formally, bowed and smiled as cordially as we could, and they went back to their dinghy and out to the waiting ship.

What had East and West learned of one another as a result of this brief encounter? That night nine explorers from the West learned the taste of vodka, and we now know that a stuffed puffin is an acceptable gift for a Russian child. And what impression had we in our turn given of the British way of life? The Russians may conclude, if they wish, that the English do not shave and display a strange indifference to the cold; that we get up at midday and eat a meal of porridge and ship's biscuits in our pyjamas; and that the social condition of our country is much as described in *Hard Times* by Dickens.

TREVOR FLETCHER

Did you enjoy KON-TIKI?

Bengt Danielsson

went back to Raroia and wrote

THE HAPPY ISLAND

about this South Seas paradise where the raft ended its voyage. It is RU's November choice

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The Pope of Fleet Street

In a long-forgotten action over a claimed cure for cancer, counsel began his cross-examination of one of the witnesses, a lanky person with flowing hair and protuberant nose, wearing a black suit and floppy black stock. "Mr. Hannen Swaffer, you are a distinguished journalist?"

"There is no such thing," replied the witness, "as a distinguished journalist."

He has spent the rest of his life disproving it. Now, as he wanders garrulously from luncheons to dinners up and down Fleet Street to celebrate his 75th birthday, he is a legend, a fantasy. Ian Mackay summed it up shrewdly when he remarked that there have been only two great fictional characters since Dickens—Sherlock Holmes and Hannen Swaffer.

Everybody knows a good story about Swaff, and tells it with affection. Perhaps it is that of the blitz night when, the bombs falling, everybody except Swaff dropped flat to the pavement, but he flung out his arms in characteristic gesture and cried, "They wouldn't dare!" Perhaps it is that of the George V garden party at Buckingham Palace, from which Swaff returned with the gloomy prophecy, "The old king's failing. I was standing as close to him as I am to you. He never recognised me." Or perhaps it is the much-repeated comment (originally Danny Kaye's) on the ash spilling all over him from the cigarette glued permanently to his lower lip: "I see you're wearing Players today, Swaff."

As an apprentice reporter, for 5s a week, at Folkestone, his first assignment was to criticise a performance by George Grossmith at the town hall. His editor deleted only one line from his notice, "the evening passed all too quickly." Swaff, acknowledging later how right the editor was—no evening passes too quickly—removed this element of saccharine from his style, and at the age of 18 was banned from Folkestone's theatre. In years ahead he was to be banned from 12 of London's then 41 theatres.

In 1902 he came to the *Daily Mail*, and Northcliffe at once recognised a kindred genius, and a friend. The Chief always called him The Poet. What Swaff had was an extraordinary inventiveness. Almost overnight he changed the *Daily Mirror* from the women's paper which Northcliffe intended into a picture paper—the birth of pictorial journalism upon which daily millions of readers have since been nurtured. As Mr. Gossip on the *Daily Sketch*, he invented the modern gossip column. Swaff has, no doubt, fostered the legend that he did everything first; only the other day, when conversation turned to Crippen, he was heard to murmur almost automatically, "Crippen? I caught him." But, in fact he did more than any one on Fleet Street to fix the pattern of mass-circulation newspapers. He was the pioneer of it all, except the cheesecake; he still loathes to see pictures of undraped young women in the Press. "Cut it at the shoulders," he advises, "We know they've all got busts."

As an editor—of the *Dispatch*, and of the *People*—he was probably never quite happy. He must be one of the few editors who have led the staff in a strike. It is as an outspoken, campaigning writer that he is at home, scrawling his blunt denunciations in curiously involved sentences, punctuated in a peculiar fashion that he would rather die than alter, in pencil, on scraps of paper he has forgotten to number. Many a sub-editor has sighed bitterly at the joke that the capital I on Hannen Swaffer's typewriter is worn out; he never typed in his life.

His public fame began in 1926, when he became dramatic critic of the *Express*, and reached its peak when an American actress named Lilian Foster, whose voice he had ridiculed, slapped his face in the Savoy Grill. She had a publicity man waiting nearby to phone the evening papers. When, recently, she died in obscurity in New York, a short news-agency obit described her as "the actress who slapped a London critic's face." It was not the briefness of the obit that hurt Swaff, so much as the anonymity of "a London critic."

But his real work has been, not as a dramatic critic, but as crusader before his theatre period, and after it, when he joined the *Herald* in 1931. The record is impressive. He was among the first to denounce Hitler. He campaigned vigorously against the death penalty, anti-Semitism, living conditions on the Navy's lower deck, corruption in night clubs (leading to Mrs. Meyrick's arrest, and the prosecution of Inspector Goddard), and much more. All popular stuff, pitched loud. But that way it reached the people. For years he has fought for Socialism, in the Press and on the platform. He is an emotional Socialist—but that way, too, he reaches the people. He is still probably a greater draw to a public meeting than anybody in the political circus. And his oratory was forced from a severe childhood stammer.

His other years-long campaign has been for Spiritualism, a sincere belief in which he regards himself as a religious leader of a million people. He holds frequent séance conversations with the great who have died, particularly with his old Chief, Northcliffe, whose particular hell, he reports, is to attend editorial conferences at the *Daily Mail*, listen to the decisions, and shout, "Fools, fools!"—but nobody can hear him.

The famous, publicised egotism with which he mingles with the great before they die—"I knew 'em all"—is well founded. He did know 'em all. The first great man he interviewed was H. M. Stanley. He waved Scott goodbye on his last expedition to the Pole, watched Marconi's early

experiments with wireless, gossiped with Lloyd George, argued with Shaw, quarrelled with Churchill, hobnobbed with Mary Pickford—and a thousand more. One day he is telling an anecdote to Somerset Maugham in the Savoy Grill; "I'll make a play of that," declares Maugham. "Oh no you won't, Willy," says Swaff, "I've already made a paragraph of it in to-morrow's *Sunday Express*." Another day he is touring the hustings with Lansbury, or remarking to Maisky that he hasn't been in Russia since Tsarist days, or advising Neguib that he has the greatest opportunity of any Egyptian since the Pharaohs.

Hundreds of the great have climbed the steep stairs to Swaff's flat overlooking Trafalgar Square, which he took "to have a front seat at the Revolution." Hundreds of unknown youngsters have climbed them, too, to be met with querulous kindness and invariable help.

And there he sits now, the unquestioned Pope of Fleet Street, probably playing patience with the cigarette ash spilling all over the cards, and endlessly talking. He unblushingly uses his one physical infirmity, a growing deafness, as a means of hogging the conversation. When, on his 70th birthday, Leslie Mitchell had the temerity to introduce him on TV, Swaff's voice, discussing success, was still coming out of the loudspeakers long after his image had been replaced, by a sheep dog as it happened, on the screens.

He has never accumulated much money. "I can live like a millionaire," he once pointed out, "so I don't need the million. Mrs. Swaffer and I never wanted much. She didn't want a mink coat. I didn't want a Rolls-Royce, or a yacht, or a country estate. What the hell would I do with a country estate? I hate the country."

"Then what *did* you want, Swaff?"

"Newspapers," he said, "just newspapers."

The Arts and Entertainment

HENRI MATISSE 1869-1954

MATISSE'S greatness has been recognised but not altogether understood. In an ideological climate of anguish and nostalgia an artist who frankly and supremely celebrated Pleasure, and whose works are an assurance that the best things in life are immediate and free, is likely to be thought not quite serious enough. And indeed, in Matisse's obituaries the word "charming" has appeared too frequently. "I want people who feel worried, exhausted, overworked, to get a feeling of repose when looking at my painting." That was Matisse's intention. And now, looking back over his long life's work, one can see that it represents a steady development towards his declared aim, his works of the last fifteen or twenty years coming nearest to his ideal.

Matisse's achievement rests on his use—or in the context of contemporary Western art one could say his invention—of pure colour. The phrase, however, must be defined. Pure colour as Matisse understood it had nothing to do with abstract colour. He repeatedly declared that colour "must serve expression." What he wanted to express was "the nearly religious feeling" he had towards life—towards the blessings of sunlight, flowers, women, fruit, sleep.

When colour is incorporated into a regular pattern—as in a Persian rug—it is a subsidiary element: the logic of the pattern must come first. When colour is used in painting it usually serves either as a decorative embellishment of the forms—as, say, in Botticelli—or as a force charging them with extra emotion—as in Van Gogh. In Matisse's later works colour becomes the entirely dominant factor. His colours seem neither to embellish nor charge the forms, but to uplift and carry them on the very surface of the canvas. His reds, blacks, golds, ceruleans, flow over the canvas with the strength and yet utter placidity of water above a weir, the forms carried along on their current.

Obviously such a process implies some distortion. But the distortion is far more of people's preconceived ideas about art than of nature. The numerous drawings that Matisse always made before he arrived at his final colour-solution are evidence of the pains he took to preserve the essential character of his subject whilst at the same time making it "buoyant" enough to sail on the tide of his colour scheme. Certainly the effect of these paintings is what he hoped. Their subjects invite, one embarks, and then the flow of their colour-areas holds one in such sure equilibrium that one has a sense of Perpetual Motion—a sense of movement with all friction removed.

Nobody who has not painted themselves can fully appreciate what lies behind Matisse's mastery of colour. It is comparatively easy to achieve a certain unity in a picture either by allowing one colour to dominate or by muting all the colours. Matisse did neither. He clashed his colours together like cymbals and the effect was like a lullaby.

Perhaps the best way of defining Matisse's genius is to compare him with some of his contemporaries who were also concerned with colour, Bonnard's colours dissolve, making his subjects unattainable, nostalgic. Matisse's colours could hardly be more present, more blatant, and yet achieve a peace which is without a trace of nostalgia. Braque has cultivated his sensibility until it has become precious; one feels that just to look at his art is almost to violate it. Matisse broadened his sensibility until it was as wide as his colour range, and said that he wanted his art to be "something like a good armchair." Dufy shared Matisse's sense of enjoyment and his colours were as gay as the fêtes he painted; but Matisse's colours, no less bright, go beyond gaiety to affirm contentment. The only man who possibly equals Matisse as a colourist is Léger. But their aims are so different that they can hardly be compared. Léger is essentially an epic, civic artist; Matisse essentially a lyrical and personal.

I said that Matisse's paintings and designs of the last fifteen years were his greatest. Obviously he produced fine individual works before he was seventy. Yet not I think till then had he the complete control of his art that he needed. It was, as he himself said, a question of "organising the brain." Like most colourists he was an intuitive painter, but he realised that it was necessary to select rigorously from his many "instincts" to make them objective in order to be able to build upon them rationally. In terms of the picture this control makes the all-important difference between recording a sensation and reconstructing an emotion. The Fauves, whom Matisse led, recorded sensations. Their paintings were (and are) fresh and stimulating, but they depended upon and evoke a forced intoxication. When Matisse painted red flashes against ultramarine and magenta stripes to describe the movement of goldfish in a bowl, he communicated a pleasurable shock; one is brought up short by the climax but no solution follows. It was for this reason, I think, that Matisse finally abandoned Fauvism and returned to a more disciplined form of painting. Between 1914 and 1918 he produced paintings—mostly interiors—which are magnificently resonant in colour, but in which the colours seem *assembled* rather than dynamic—like the furnishings in a room. Then for the next ten years he painted his famous Odalisques. In these the colour is freer and more pervasive, but, being based on a heightening of the actual locale of each object, it has a slightly exotic effect. This period, however, led him to his final great phase: the phase in which he was able to combine the energy of his early Fauve days with a quite objective visual wisdom.

A word about the political and social implications of Matisse's art. Because he painted subjects with associations of Leisure it is as absurd on the one hand to accuse him of working for the

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leisured classes, as it is on the other to deny the significance of his membership of the French Communist Party. He wished to paint what one has a right to as a welcome and a reward after a hard day's work. Let it stand at that. Historically it may eventually be seen that Matisse simplified and sacrificed too much for the sake of the peace of his art. But he lived through a far from peaceful age. He may have chosen the unnaturally smooth, placid water above the weir, but the weir was there. To temper our gratitude now in view of a possible future perspective would be the worst form of academic cowardice.

JOHN BERGER

MORAL AND IMMORAL

MR. and Mrs. Augustus Goetz are indefatigable adaptors of novels for the stage, and it can at least be said for them that they do not aim low. After Henry James, now Gide, and, of all unlikely undertakings, *L'Immoraliste*, which is at present being bravely produced by the Arts Theatre Club. To know a novel well is usually fatal to the criticism of an adaptation; so I deliberately refrained from re-reading Gide in order to give (what I have been accused of not giving on these occasions in the past) a fair hearing to the play as a play. In this case, alas, with no better results. As a play in its own right, *The Immoralist*, in spite of being a serious attempt to grapple with its subject, and in spite of providing two fine acting parts, admirably taken in this production by Miss Yvonne Mitchell and Mr. Michael Gough, is very unsatisfactory.

The reasons are those common to adaptations. First the necessary condensation makes for an unfilled background and a progress by jerks instead of by development. Secondly the mere events become altogether too important, whereas in the novel it will have been the treatment of those events that has made for value. Barely and incompletely told, this story of the marriage of an innocent young woman of the nineteen hundreds to a young man who discovers himself to be a homosexual, becomes only a harassing catastrophe of incompatibility. It is not difficult to guess that Gide's novel had intentions a good deal more interesting. But if so, they are only hinted at here. The young woman, Marceline, abruptly, in the first scene, proposes marriage to Michel on the day of his father's funeral, and he accepts, though reluctantly and as if struggling against some other conviction. What this is becomes clear to him when they settle for the sake of his archæology and his health in Biskra. A venal blackmailing houseboy leads him into a homosexual group and there, though fighting against it, he discovers his nature (so we gather at least from a few gross hints on-stage), and the leader of this group, a cultivated Arab, comes in to insist that he should openly declare himself and not live a double life. Here we seem to be circling a Gidean theme—the struggle in the man's conscience between his loyalty to his wife and his loyalty to his protestant belief in avowing, and living by, his true nature. But of this there are only adumbrations. Mainly what is exhibited is the agonised frustration of Marceline, leading her in the end to drink, and the despair of Michel at his inability to be what he should be. The anguish of this dilemma is admirably conveyed by Mr. Gough and Miss Mitchell. Mr. Gough's taut, nervous acting intensely communicates the divided self, and Miss Yvonne Mitchell has two scenes which display her as an emotional and dramatic actress of the highest class. The character of Marceline is singularly unrevealed by the dramatists—it is really a total blank and we know no more about her at the end than we did at the beginning. But about the anguish of an impossible love Miss Mitchell makes us, for a short space in the second act, know everything. The last act is a hasty shy-away from the situation that has been created: a child on the way for Marceline, and an impossible reconciliation, no less impossible for being obviously only temporary

But at the least the play may be praised for tackling its subject in as adult a way as, up to a few months ago, novels had the liberty to do. But it tackles it, of course, only in technical privacy. For the Lord Chamberlain has refused a public license to a play which has already run nearly a hundred nights on Broadway, and thereby missed a great chance for turning the tables and showing that his office is only the second most reactionary institution—second, that is, to the Home Office. For needless to say *The Immoralist* is a most moral play as censors and suppressors use the term "moral." It is in this stage version a cautionary tale where vice is shown (most untruthfully, or anyhow partially) to be a miserable squalid business fraught with unhappy consequences. The play is stamped all over, in short, with the suppressors' great let-out: "Remember! Crime Doesn't Pay." Bernard Shaw, fifty years ago, exploded the nonsense of censorship and demonstrated by examples that all censorship does is to license sexual titivation in its more vulgar forms and suppress attempts to deal seriously and truthfully with life as it is lived. And we might take the same line now and ask the Lord Chamberlain which he seriously thinks is more likely to stimulate sexual excitement (the suppression of which is the Sisyphean task to which in the last analysis moral censorships direct themselves)—this sad and harrowing morality, or a highly suggestive dance sequence in the current licensed American musical, *Can-Can*. And the logic of the argument is not altered by the fact that *The Immoralist* is only an indifferent play which, if it were licensed for public performance, would not be likely to draw many audiences.

But censorship and suppression—isn't it time we recognised the fact?—have very little to do with logic, and we won't get very far by battering away on those lines. At the present moment when the powers-that-be are indulging in one of their periodic fits of recurrent Grundyism, the censorship is likely to become more, rather than less, strict. Wouldn't it then be more sensible to recognise the fact and to adapt the "X" certificate of the film censors and extend it to the theatre (and perhaps to books too)? This would allow serious writers to continue their experiments without fear of interference and prosecution, and would afford the protection felt necessary for our little polymorphous perverts. The device has its disadvantages, no doubt, but surely they are more tolerable than the arbitrary edicts of an unresponsible Court Official?

T. C. WORSLEY

JAPANESE DANCING

THE conventions of Japanese ballet are as fixed as any of the Western classical or Indian styles; but having a less ornate and complicated technique they appear to be less formal. The movements are set, although they remain simple and soft, with a dignity which, never pompous, holds a quizzical affectation. This may be seen in *The Japanese Ballet*, now playing at the Princes Theatre, where the dancers gesture with the unstrained elegance and formality of cats. Their traditional dances do not vary a great deal, but within the design there is a sense of perfection, as though all the superfluous movements had been worn away by time. There has been time, for some of the dances are two and three hundred years old. The men are triumphant warriors and fishermen, or masked lions of happiness, scratching and roaring with boisterous charm. The women dance celebrations of the seasons with exquisite parasols, a courtesan sighing for her lover as she watches the snow, or girls under the cherry blossom.

There are no outstanding performers in the company, yet each member is able to express a sense of beauty in the unhurried gestures. The slightest inclination of a dancer's head is never lost, though being unfamiliar with the symbols of this dance language we cannot fully understand it. But even so every action expresses a

subtle meaning to the sensibilities. The child-like placidity of the girls' faces, a little wistful even when humorous, emphasises the importance of the movement. It seems a great relief to be far away from the forced grinning and grimacing of our own conventional dancers. The Japanese music is equally elegant, played on a soft, harp-sounding instrument and two long square kind of guitars. The sounds are not over-complicated or harsh, but generally fluid, moving in happy and nostalgic moods.

The most outstanding single effect in the show is that of the clothes, which are brilliant in colour and often heavily embroidered. Apparently the Japanese take little pride in designing new costumes for the old dances, but patch and refurbish the original ones till, like the warrior's costume, they may grow to be two hundred years old. This gives them an advantage over Western artists for in place of those glossy new garments that, on first nights, appear to have so little to do with the wearer and to exist merely in their own right, these clothes are completely integrated with the dancers and fall in folds that are part of the movements. Seeing the curious and ridiculous-looking traditional hats—worthy of the most farcical French fashions—vast old balloon trousers, and royally stiff robes, it was borne in on me that a new dress emphasises the falsity of theatrical illusion, while a worn one helps to convince us of its truth.

ANNABEL FARJEON

LOOK AND LISTEN

DURING the last week or so, this attentive ear, travelling across England like a microphone at large, has been picking up from all sides and in very unexpected places much whistling of Grieg. *Peer Gynt* has been on our TV screens, and, Ibsen being Ibsen and TV being TV, oh the brou-ha-ha! It has ranged through the whole gamut, from the lowbrow's bewildered indignation—"Is this the sort of thing the tired worker wants to see on Sunday evening?"—to the highbrow "This will never do." Who's to blame: Ibsen, or TV, or both, or merely Mr. Royston Morley, who produced the play, and Mr. Ustinov, who played Peer? Or do we blame at all?

Well, one thing is plain from the beginning: Mr. Royston Morley bit off more than he could chew. But wouldn't it be remarkable if we were not to say the same of a producer who essayed the play in the theatre? Ibsen wrote *Peer Gynt* without thought of production; it is a dramatic poem, which is not quite the same as a drama; and I should guess, though I have not seen it, that it is never wholly satisfactory on the stage. Nevertheless, TV is a much narrower, less tractable medium than the theatre, and though I thought Mr. Morley did well with his swirling mists and boiling seas, the fact does seem to be that television reduces everything it touches to naturalism of a pretty crude kind, and to so much in *Peer Gynt* naturalism is fatal. Those merry peasants at the wedding-feast, for example: one knows what ideally they should suggest—a scene from a nineteenth-century Norwegian Brueghel; but on TV they suggest no such thing. Indeed they suggest nothing; they are just actors and actresses playing merry peasants—and the heart sinks at the spectacle of the rustic cavortings. Similarly, the troll on TV is all too obviously the product of the make-up man; trollness, which the mind when reading can imagine perfectly well for itself, has gone.

But then there is something else: the old stumbling-block when it comes to Ibsen: the language. Watching this production, for the first time in my life I sighed for William Archer. Mr. Morley used Ellis Roberts's translation, and this was surely a crashing mistake. Miss Bradbrook, in her study of Ibsen, in which she describes *Peer Gynt* as a "vivacious panorama," says that "Only in a language at once ancient and unworked, only by a people civilised but not urban, could such a reconciliation of moral earnestness and the fantasies of legends be achieved." She stresses the naivety of the poetry, one might say its folk level. It is a kind of poetry gone for good in English, and I can think of only one poet writing today who might be able to capture its spirit and something of its verse-forms, and he is Auden. Ellis Roberts attempted a literal translation, keeping as far as possible the double and triple rhyme-endings. His translation is a triumph of misplaced ingenuity. The original obviously dances along; Roberts's version clod-hops in the most ungainly way because he is producing something that is alien to the spirit of the English language. When Browning rhymes "Manchester" with "haunches stir" one may be tolerant; but when one has to listen to that sort of thing for line after line, hour after hour, the limit of the tolerable is soon reached. The players struggled with the translation as though wrestling with coils of barbed wire. Mr. Ustinov alone managed, for most of the time, to take it in his stride, by deliberately breaking up the rhythms and breaking up the rhymes also. Mr. Ustinov's was a fine performance, especially in the second half, when all his talent for disguise could find scope.

A failure? Yes, a failure; and yet something did come through. Not, I think, the "vivacious panorama" of Miss Bradbrook, but at any rate the sense that here was *Everyman* in a modern version. The ending, seen here almost as through a glass darkly, was still almost unbearably moving, and this though the Button-maker was among the less adequate players. In any case, it was very much better than no *Peer Gynt* at all, and even if it failed, it was exactly the sort of experiment the TV Service should be encouraged to make, for everyone's sake, viewers' no less than TV producers'. For producers, the only way to find the

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limits of TV is by attempting works that on the face of it go beyond them. And then the Television Service must be in some sense "missionary"; otherwise, it falls short of its obligations.

And in recent months the record of the TV Drama Department has been much better than anyone seems willing to give it credit for. In the last few months we have had, besides the usual cloak-and-dagger stuff and the soggy light comedies, excellent productions of *The Three Sisters*, *Six Characters in Search of an Author* and *Troilus and Cressida*. I don't know what the viewing figures for these were; and no doubt they mystified a great many very worthy people. That doesn't matter. To be worth its name, a Drama Department must cover the whole of drama, and this is especially true of the Television Drama Department, which now provides plays for the people on a scale probably no other organisation can rival. So long as it attempts to do so, its failures will be honourable. They can best be made good by continuing boldness.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Barefoot Contessa," at the Odeon
"White Christmas," at the Plaza
"Rogue Cop," at the Empire

The Barefoot Contessa has the deadliest line of talky-talk that has come my way for a long time. It shows what a smart commercial director —Joseph L. Mankiewicz—can really do when he strays into independence, with his own script and presumably choice of actors and camera-man; and one hopes he won't do it again.

The beginning isn't so awful. Once we've settled to the threat that the whole film is going to be in flash-backs from a group of people bareheaded in the rain of a southern cemetery, there is a not unappealing scene in which we are introduced to a gypsy dancer by the expressions and behaviour of the men watching her; but this build-up only turns into Miss Ava Gardner, immaculately unconcerned, and such a deluge of verbiage as has never before, I should think, hit the screen except in adaptations of Shaw. Everyone breaks into a long speech as soon as he or she can; they talk about themselves, about one another, about—good heavens!—life; where Miss Gardner is concerned the chatter seems to assume that she is a sort of Garbo, when obviously she is nothing of the sort, and never betrays a flicker of that genius they all worship; she takes peasant lovers, and kicks off her shoes from time to time, causing them to babble in a sick fairy-tale way. After what seems hours of this logomania, we are grateful for the least intermission: a view of the bay of Nice, and for one glorious second nobody speaks. But then they're off again, clack clack, worse than ever; and one doesn't gain by stopping the ears, because we are given almost nothing to look at but Ava and the arch-jabberers. Poor old Bogart stands hunched in the rain and worries his way through the loquacious fog, our only contact with reality; but even his misery is nothing to ours. He raises eyebrows at the climax; our well-gowned pixie has discovered at last her knight in shining armour, and on their wedding night he hands her a piece of Italian typescript, which he translates as a confession of impotence. Afterwards he murders her; which is just as well, or they might all still be talking.

Rather than have to wilt through *The Barefoot Contessa* again I'd gladly undergo either of the other two films half a dozen times over. Not that they're much go. *White Christmas* has names and little else. Tunes, sometimes from the dead long ago, are Irving Berlin's. Bing moos in his usual fashion and plays fairy godmother. Danny moos with an occasional grimace, and one quite amusing skit on ballet. Vera-Ellen dances, and that should be enough, but here somehow isn't. There are sobs over what an old general should do: for one thing he might shut up. Lastly, the whole caterwaul is in Vistavision, which puts the detail back into wideness, and flattens out the horizon curve, but doesn't stimulate better shows.

Rogue Cop comes off best in a sack-race. This cop takes bribes, and has a younger brother who gets shot, and sets out to avenge him, and kills and is killed. It's all been, astringently, done before: there's Mr. Raft, a little greyer but sleek as ever, deploying nastiness with routine skill. The dialogue is soggy and trite where it should spark; but at least this is a film one can sit through, chewing one's impatience and sighing for better times.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Matchmaker," at the Haymarket

This highly entertaining farce by Thornton Wilder is given here an exceptionally fine production. The small-part acting in the West End is by no means always of as high a standard as it should be, and it is a great pleasure to find a play with a large number of characters cast and acted with the same perfection in the smaller as the more important roles. The waiters, the musician, the barber, the cabman, the cook, the milliner's assistant all give, even for their few moments, performances entirely within the style of the whole and it is this which keeps the fun going up to the end. Mr. Wilder has Barrie's absolute assurance in making the magic pass which puts us under his spell—so much so that like Barrie he can slip over the most shameless whimsy, and we, delightfully anaesthetised, take it. All the corniest farce tricks are deployed in this story of a Yonkers merchant and his apprentices and a night out on the Veranda of the Harmonia Gardens Restaurant, but they seem as fresh as new. Some of this appearance owes itself, of course, to the vivacity of Miss Ruth Gordon, a little dynamo of energy and attack, and to the admirable support of Arthur Hill, Alec McCowen and Eileen Herlie. Miss Herlie must be tired of being congratulated on finding her real self as a comedienne. But there it is. Miss Tanya Moiseiwitch produces four delightful sets, the last a perfect peach. In short, this is one of Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's most successful productions—all of a delightful piece, all of a high style.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

HORROR COMICS

SIR,—Will you allow me, not to commend the horror Comics, but to deprecate the nature of the campaign against them?

It has become a *nem. con.* cliché that while we must defend the publisher of seriously intentioned sexuality, we must destroy the horror Comic. Sadism has become the word that rouses the intelligensia as Sex rouses the rest of the community, and both sides maintain that the evil effects of their particular aversion are self-evident and need no proof. But surely in both cases it is necessary specifically to define the expected harm and then prove a causal connection between it and the literature in question?

I suggest that the horror Comic is only the lowest denominator, without artistic, moral or intellectual trimmings, of a taste almost universal today. Space forbids more than random examples—half the six novels reviewed in your issue today, a recent advertisement in your columns for a book on witchcraft (by a witch) and on black magic, a current horrific film poster with text "A horror horde so terrifying no words can describe them," the columns of the cheaper Sunday press, and a taste for concentration-camp books far exceeding any need to know. What *is* new is the prevalence of cruelty, perversion and horror in "respectable" adult literature; in writing for adolescents and near-illiterates it is not. As a child I remember secretly reading Comics that differed from these only in having more text and fewer pictures—but today's child is more used to visual aids than texts; all the archetypal horrors were there, sexual jealousy, homicidal maniacs, cryptology, as they were in such Victorian equivalents as the Yellow Dwarf series. Only the horrors of war were missing, and these became part of the impedimenta of horror after the success of *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

So far as young people are concerned (and perhaps adults too), it is arguable that seeing horrors in print brings them from the level of secret guilty fantasy to that of real possibility. But it is equally arguable that by showing the secret guilty fantasy to be common, not abnormal, it dissipates the harmful feeling of isolated guilt. I incline to the latter view, but neither has been or, perhaps, is capable of being proved. There is, however, plenty of evidence that fantasies of horror and cruelty far beyond anything in the Comics are common in adolescents who become apparently normal adults.

I do myself find very shocking the attitude of the intelligent to the reading-pleasures of the less literate. An occasional foray is made by an Orwell, an Arthur Marshall, or by you, Sir, all returning with material for derision or outrage. No serious attempt is made to discover why this material is satisfactory to its readers, why "better" stuff would be less satisfactory, in what way the satisfactions differ from those of your own reading, or to establish critical standards inside the genre for those who enjoy it. Recently I have tried to interest people in the Hank Jensen case which I thought was a miscarriage of justice. I always got the reply that it was pointless to take a stand on a bad case, *i.e.*, a case in which there was no literary merit. The resolutely held, if mutually incompatible, beliefs that the ignorant are infinitely corruptible but needs must love the highest when they see it inhibit any reform of taste by establishing critical standards at the lowest levels.

Before proposing to remedy one evil by another (as we surely admit the banning of books to be?) we must be sure not only of our facts but of our motives. Looking at much contemporary literature for adults, we may think it proper to recall the text about the mote and the beam.

If these Comics *are* banned, they will acquire even more "forbidden fruit" glamour than the current campaign has already given them. To own one will become as obligatory in certain circles as in others it was once obligatory to possess a copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—and much easier, owing to the large number of Comics already in circulation.

Again, if these Comics are banned, what alternative reading-matter do we offer to those who find satisfaction in them? Considerable help would be needed before they could manage such difficult classics as, say, Mrs. Radcliffe, Bram Stoker, Poe, M. R. James or Faulkner, and despite the coincidence of the anti-Comic campaign with the appearance of the new junior newspapers, these last are no more capable of taking their place than *Les Malheurs de Sophie* could satisfy an appetite for *L'Assommoir*.

Believing, then, that it is irrelevant to deal with the very real problem of horror Comics by banning them may I suggest that useful reformatory steps might be (a) our old friend, a change of heart, which would probably need to involve innovations as drastic as outlawing the hydrogen bomb, totally changing our sexual mores and revolutionising our educational methods, (b) critical discussion of reading-matter at *all* levels and not least in schools where Comics pullulate, (c) the provision of alternative literature as simple and as exciting, say, *Coral Island* with no excision of the cannibal feast, *Greenmantle* including the fight with and final death of Stumm, *The Old Curiosity Shop* with the original drawing of Quilp drowning, and the classic terror stories referred to above, (d) a properly constituted inquiry to determine what is meant by "harm" and "corruption" and whether, by the horror Comics, these are achieved.

MARGHANITA LASKI

Capo Di Monte,
Judge's Walk, N.W.3.

ABERDARE ELECTION

SIR,—Thank you for your correspondent's excellent analysis of the recent by-election here, which I watched with keen, if somewhat schizophrenic interest, as a supporter both of Labour and the Parliament for Wales campaign.

Campaigners do not see their programme as a request to Labour to "sacrifice a principle," but to stand by one: the principle of national self-determination, which Socialists uphold everywhere else in the world. There are no logical grounds for refusing to apply it to Wales, except to say to the Welsh, "But you—unlike the Indians, the

"Daddy, why does a battleship float?"

BECAUSE it is hollow and full of air, you tell him, it weighs less than if the whole ship were full of water—even though it is made from heavy steel. That's why it floats.

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Irish, the Viet Minh, the Jews, the New Zealanders, the Sudanese—are not a nation." Which is ill-received, and quite untenable. And Aberdare, remembering its former M.P., Keir Hardie, as an advocate of Welsh Home Rule, wonders when and why this Socialist plank was subsequently dropped.

Of the two characteristic qualities of Welsh Socialists—loyalty and fervour—the voting showed their loyalty practically unshaken. But the initiative and the *hwyl* are passing out of their hands and they won't be quite happy until they get it back.

After all, devolution is being canvassed everywhere as a cure for those twin evils of centralisation, "apoplexy at the centre and anæmia at the extremities"; and it is hard to conceive a more obvious candidate for devolutionary powers than Wales, especially in view of the undeniable renascence of national feeling here. The allegation that Wales would be poorer under her own Parliament has been impressively riddled by statistics borrowed from the Nationalists, and official Labour speakers find it better to fall back on the appeal to solidarity. "Don't let us down now, boys—we need you."

Certainly most Welsh Socialists would feel uneasy, building their own Socialist democracy at the expense of an England thrown back into Tory hands. But there are few who seriously doubt that they could do it; therefore, if their loyalty and compunction are to remain decisive, they will need convincing that their defection would have more drastic repercussions on their English comrades than the present near-identical Party programmes suggest.

In the circumstances, Mr. Attlee's ringing message to our Labour candidate—"It is time for a change"—was so wide of the mark as to be perilously near a stab in the back.

ELAINE MORGAN

Aberdare.

SIR,—Your Welsh correspondent draws vast conclusions from the Aberdare bye-election result. It is "a warning to the Labour Party." "Many people in the constituency are distressed . . . and cynical."

The 9.07 per cent. reduction in the Labour vote, the slight Tory recession and the 9.91 per cent. increase in the Welsh Nationalist poll, which was 5,158 out of 35,487, are in the main a result of the Parliament for Wales campaign. In the Aberdare bye-election of 1946, before the Parliament for Wales campaign had started, the Labour vote went down by 15.94 per cent. and the Welsh Nationalists, fighting the seat for the first time, got 7,090 votes out of 35,445, a straight 20 per cent. How did your correspondent explain this?

"It is fair to assume" that some of the 8,986 Labour people who did not vote "abstained as a protest against the party machine." In the eight bye-elections preceding Aberdare, 50,014 out of 174,065 Labour voters did not go to the poll. Were they, too, abstaining as a protest?

I am not quarrelling with your correspondent's conclusions. They may well be correct. What I am saying is that they are not justified by the statistics.

GERALD KAUFMAN

COLOUR BAR

SIR,—In the House of Commons on Friday last, Mr. Henry Hopkinson, Minister of State for the Colonies, said that Britain might be "forced into the position of introducing a measure of control over immigration" from the Colonies. I wonder if it is fully appreciated just what this would mean. Judging by the reaction from the Labour benches, ignorance still abounds on the subject.

The idea was suggested as a means of dealing with the presence of West Indians in Britain. In effect, it would be a colour barrier at the ports, preventing British subjects from coming here freely if they are coloured. It would constitute legal approval and sanctification of the colour bar and would be a step towards *apartheid*. Advocates of such a move are arguing that Jamaicans must be prevented from coming here because their presence can cause social disturbances. It is a short step from that position to arguing that they must be prevented from entering certain cafés, public houses and dance halls and from using White men's buses and schools and from living in White men's districts. As Sir Oswald Mosley and his obsessed followers know, there is a logical sequence from taking action, by immigration laws, to "keep Britain White," to accepting the "need" for racial segregation inside Britain.

The only reason there is a problem arising from the presence of coloured people here is because of ignorance and prejudice. There are plenty of jobs and the coloured immigrants would have no trouble in getting them if employers were prevented by law from discriminating against them. The housing shortage is no argument, either; many of the Jamaicans are building workers. In fact, all the arguments used against free immigration are expressions of a latent, perhaps unconscious, colour complex. A careful reading of *Hansard* on last Friday's debate is revealing on this point.

DAVID ROSS

London, N.W.

SIR,—As Mr. Olu Basair mentioned in his letter to you, coloured workers are the most affected by discrimination in Britain, especially with respect to employment.

The main hindrance is with the private employer who is hesitant to engage Negro labour. I suggest that he follows the example of a Glasgow firm.

Every year, the firm directly invites members of the African Students' Union to work during the summer holidays. This ensures a certain percentage of Africans among the other students.

The workers then have the opportunity of labouring with Africans. Thus, their degree of tolerance is increased, and they are able to have a better understanding of Africans. This would tend to dispel any preconceived ideas.

The Africans who worked for this particular firm, reported favourably on the reception they received.

EDWIN R. E. ADAMS

60 Hillhead Street,
Glasgow, W.2.

THE THAW

SIR,—I have only recently returned from abroad, and may therefore perhaps be forgiven for so late a comment on Alexander Werth's notice of the fate in U.S.S.R. of Ehrenburg's latest novel, *The Thaw*.

As it stands, this notice gives a very incomplete impression of what has taken place. True that Konstantin Simonov vigorously attacked the novel in the pages of *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, and that *Litgazeta* is a very influential paper and Simonov, as its former editor and acting head of the Union of Soviet Writers, is a very influential man. No less true, as Mr. Werth failed to mention, that *Litgazeta* published at once from Ehrenburg a no less vigorous reply—leaving him so far the last word—and that the novel has since been reprinted in book form and published—by the Writers' Union itself.

The last page of this edition bears a request to readers to send opinions, and readers' circles to hold discussions, on the book; and it seems extremely likely that more will be heard of the matter at the Writers' Congress discussions due this month in Moscow, where there is to be hearty argument on all the various defects of contemporary Soviet writing—eagerly looked forward to, so far as one can judge, by all Soviet readers, though anticipated with more mixed feelings by several Soviet writers.

As for *The Thaw* itself, those who know French can judge it for themselves by obtaining the last four monthly issues (July to October) of *Defense de la Paix*, 33 rue Vivienne, Paris 2e, which issued it complete as a serial.

IVOR MONTAGU

EXCAVATIONS IN BRITAIN

SIR,—I cannot agree with the explanation given by your correspondent Dr. Ivanovitch as to the modification of the name Camden Town. Evidence brought to light in the course of the 3932-34 campaign of excavation at the Paris (Lutèce) Tel confirms the view that the dynastic name of this very early succession of kings was Cham or Chon, who ruled first in Paris, then, during the period of the Porte dynasty, probably, dwelt in England, where relatively few of their tombs were excavated. Subsequently, having finally dropped the "h" from their name (in accordance with the custom of the early Britons) they returned to France, where they flourished for a long period.

The early royal tombs of Champerret, Buttes-Chaumont, and, according to some workers, Gambetta, belong to the First Parisian Period. The ideogram G may have been a contracted form of the common glyphs Ch at this stage. The tombs enumerated by Ivanovitch—Hammersmith, West Ham, East Ham, Camden Town, etc.—would therefore be of a later date.

In all fairness, it must be pointed out that the latest investigations of the curious metal pottery found near the site of the Hyde Park tomb, on some of which the sacred circle with a horizontal bar was found accompanied by the inscription "Gold Flake," have revealed a "tin" bearing the words "Devilled Ham." This seems to be a magic incantation against the Ham dynasty. However, if Dr. Ivanovitch's theory was consistent, this ought to read "Devilled Cam."

Further excavations will no doubt bring to light further material. I was particularly interested in the Guinness-cult tablets, as I have frequently sought to explain the similar Dubonnet cult whose tablets often occur in royal tombs in Paris. The evidence of a link with early Egyptian culture is thought-provoking. Perhaps the deciphering of the Obelisks in both cities, and the excavation of the tomb "Pyramides" in Paris-Lutèce, will provide the key to the mystery.

E. BAROUCH

Jerusalem.

SIDNEY KEYES

SIR,—In his review of *New Poems, 1954*, your reviewer assumes too great a knowledge of the contributors' *intentions* in writing their poems. Of my *Ode: To the Memory of Sidney Keyes* he says that I am "so engrossed in reproducing the manner of (his) model that (he) forgets everything else." In fact, when writing it I was not at all "engrossed in reproducing" Keyes' manner; neither his work nor that of any other poet was taken as a "model." Certain references were made to Keyes' nature (as shown in his work), but they were necessary to the poem.

Of course, there may have been an *unconscious* influence, but that is a different matter entirely. In fact I doubt whether Keyes' work has ever influenced my style unduly.

JOHN SMITH

Gerrards Cross.

T. F. POWYS

SIR,—Mr. Allen reviewing some of Dylan Thomas's writings in your current issue refers darkly to the "dark dens" in which one of our recent masters of British pastoral is read: I think unjustly both to the late Theodore Francis Powys and to Thomas himself. A recent correspondent in your esteemed contemporary *The Listener* has pointed out how very much *Under Milk Wood* owes to Powys both in conception and in treatment, and Thomas would not have written of Powys as he did had he not enjoyed reading him.

There should be little need to commend Powys to those who enjoy Thomas's galleries of oddities: and on a deeper level surely Powys is the only real Russian novelist ever to write in English. His moral fables in *Captain Patch* and other works compare favourably with what L. Tolstoy wrote after he got in a muddle about the æsthetic; and the more unworldly of Powys's clergymen would have got on extremely well with the only brother Karamazov who Dostoevski was able to admire.

JOHN HOLDSWORTH

INSURANCE LAW REFORM

SIR,—This society has now under review evidence which it proposes to submit to the Law Reform Committee which is considering the effect on the liability of insurance companies of special conditions and exceptions in insurance policies and of non-disclosure of facts by persons effecting such policies.

If any of your readers have had any experience of the repudiation of liability by insurance companies based either on alleged non-disclosure of material facts or on particular policy conditions where such repudiation had no real merits in the circumstances of the case, I should be grateful if they would kindly write to me with an account of such circumstances.

JEAN GRAHAM HALL,
Hon. Secretary

Society of Labour Lawyers,
9 King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.4.

Hold the Line

SUBSTITUTES ARE OUT OF FASHION at the moment; not only because many wartime shortages have been overcome, but because some of the materials that we used to regard as substitutes are now accepted for certain applications as the very best materials in existence. One example is the modern telephone. No-one is surprised that this instrument is made of plastics and not of wood. The explanation is, of course, that a plastics material is the best for the job. The present-day philosophy about new man-made materials is to judge them on their merits. If they have some quality not possessed by 'natural' materials, then nature gives way. Science has recently been so prolific that a great range of materials, not even imagined a few years ago, is now accepted as part of modern life. New fibres that revolutionise our ideas of clothing; new plastics, new paints, new detergents—these are but a few of the contributions made by scientists in our time to the world's stock of new materials.

Many such substances owe their existence, or their development, to I.C.I. research workers—the versatile plastic 'Perspex', for example, first used in aircraft windscreens and now to be found in a thousand different articles. Another plastic discovered by I.C.I. is polythene, still of first importance as an insulating material, but now also made into such diverse objects as water service lines, unbreakable washing-up bowls, squeeze bottles for powders and liquids, and stratospheric balloons. In the world of fashion, two new I.C.I. fibres, 'Terylene' and 'Ardil', are rapidly making their mark. But the company's contributions to fashion do not end there. In addition, there are such major I.C.I. discoveries as the brilliant kingfisher-blue dyestuff 'Alcian' Blue, and the earlier 'Caledon' Jade Green. The list is, quite literally, never-ending—for the source of them all—I.C.I.'s £7,500,000 a year research and development programme—goes on continuously.

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Books in General

FOREIGNERS tell us that Englishmen always remain schoolboys and I sometimes visualise English society as an ancient school taught by its authors. The classical and Christian Sixth is taken, of course, by Mr. Eliot, his rival Mr. Forster teaches the modern Sixth, and Mr. Amis and Mr. Wain have recently been engaged to take the Remove. There is also an indolent form where the rich boys while away their time. It is known as café society and its form-master has always pretended not to be an usher at all. This is Mr. Somerset Maugham, who sets up as a worldly observer older than the rocks on which he sits and his eyelids more than a little weary. But he cannot disguise his vocation. He, too, is a schoolmaster of the sort that wears well-cut tweeds and stays with the mothers of his rich young pupils during the holidays; and his mission is to civilise the upper classes. How could he help teaching? He grew up at a time when writers seemed naturally to gravitate to pedagogy. Kipling, Wells and Shaw were followed by Galsworthy, Belloc and Chesterton, and Mr. Maugham had the sense to know whom he could teach best. He is one of our best didactic writers, ever ready to point the moral to adorn his tale. The Sixth have never cared for him, but then what are the plaudits of little swots to those of Pop? Mr. Maugham has written for Pop, written very well and scored all along the line. He has taught them to tolerate the behaviour of queer fish and not to be surprised if one of their own friends turns out to be rather odd after his sixth martini. But today their lesson is to be not only life but literature: the ten greatest novels*.

So it says on the time-table, but in fact the lesson is mainly about life. Mr. Maugham is really at a well-known pedagogic game—scoring off the other beaks. We are told that unless a critic is a man of the world his ignorance of life will lead him to make asinine judgments; and unless he is a novelist his ignorance of technique may well be a fatal handicap. This leaves Mr. Maugham, who is both, in a pretty strong position. He will modestly acknowledge his debt to a scholar for all his factual information, but his warm handshake is a deceptive judo grip which enables him after a few sentences to send the scholar flying across the room. When Mr. Maugham murmurs "I cannot but think . . ." we know that the critic is in for trouble. He beats the ears off a Doctor of Divinity and Master of an Oxford College for trying to whitewash Fielding's amiable sensuality in two volumes, and time and again he points out that the critics who try to explain away this or that scene in a novel or quirk in the author's character betray their ignorance of human beings. I enjoy the spectacle of Mr. Maugham gently extending his claws from the soft fur of his infinitely readable style and deprecating priggish attempts to paint the great writers without their warts and protect them against charges which only a professor would consider discreditable. Mr. Maugham is very right. Dons are singularly inept in their remarks about life; and since, as everyone knows, they never cheat, lie, get into debt, shake with passion, nor, their wives being neuter, have any experience of sex, academic wisdom about human nature is sadly wanting.

Yet is worldly wisdom always so much better? Mr. Maugham thinks that the incident in *Persuasion* where Louisa falls on her head on the Cobb at Lyme Regis is clumsy. Why should a naval officer "who has seen action and made a fortune in prize-money" become paralysed with horror because a girl is stunned? Surely he has observed that naval officers are curiously shy with well-bred ladies, and though they have seen death in battle can easily be flummoxed by a girl in a fainting fit. Then he thinks that Dostoevsky's psychology is at fault when Nastasia cannot forgive Totsky for seducing her:

> The particular value attached to virginity is a fabrication of the male, due partly to superstition, partly to masculine vanity and partly, of course, to a disinclination to father someone else's child. Women, I should say, have ascribed importance to it chiefly because of the value that men place upon it, and also from fear of the consequences. . . . I cannot bring myself to believe that when a virgin "gives herself" to a man to whom she is indifferent or actually averse, it is anything but an unpleasant and painful experience. That it should rankle for years and alter her whole character seems to me incredible.

I cannot but think that Mr. Maugham's knowledge of virgins is sadly rusty. Has he never heard that many (not all) girls who surrender their virginity fall passionately in love with the man who seduces them, a love which can turn to hate particularly if prolonged and desperate unhappiness ensues? Even on the Riviera the little dears resent being whisked into bed by clumsy or untender performers: and it requires only a little imagination to realise that in nineteenth-century Russia a girl might feel rather more strongly. Mr. Maugham has fallen into a fallacy, which he condemns in others, of thinking that what he believes to be reasonable must be a fact.

Then he cannot resist the delights of conjecture, a game as dangerous for him as it is for others. He says that one should not suppose that Emily Brontë's love poems were merely a literary exercise—I did not know that anyone did—and that likely enough she fell in love with one of the mistresses or girls at the school in Halifax where she taught and wrote most of these poems. Here Mr. Maugham seems to me to be *narrow-minded*. It is narrow-minded to think that all strong emotion must spring from a direct experience; and everything we know about Emily Brontë suggests that while her feeling for Nature came from direct experience, her feelings about people sprang from the fictitious Kingdoms which existed in her imagination and not from the world about her. Explanations of an author's work in terms of his psychology are rarely satisfactory. They neither tell us what the work is about, nor how far the author achieved what he set out to do, nor why it succeeds or fails. After a time a dreadful fear assails us that these biographies are a device for evading that difficult and unhappy task of getting to grips with the ten greatest novels themselves.

To come to grips with *The Brothers Karamazov* is difficult for a master of naturalism such as Mr. Maugham. His cool, rational, worldly spirit is repelled by the idea that spiritual suffering cleanses the soul; to him all suffering is evil and the characters of those who suffer are not cured but distorted still further. Such a comment is really meaningless because he is denying that suffering makes people happier, which Dostoevsky was never asserting; the ideals of the novelist and the critic are hopelessly at variance. And when he says that Ivan is more interesting than Dmitri, when he fails to see that the diabolic influence in Dostoevsky's eyes is Ivan's atheism, which is the clue to his extraordinary behaviour at Dmitri's trial, then one is almost (but not quite) persuaded that a Doctor of Divinity would have understood the work better. It is not enough to add that the characters "palpitate with life."

Still, he is quite right to teach us to admire palpitation, and his views, which at first appear old-fashioned, are not only sensible but look as if they will soon be accepted even by some of the austerer critics. Entertainment and readability, he says, are among the greatest virtues of the novel; the characters should be convincing and interesting; dialogue exists to bring them to life and advance the story; and vigour, vitality and creative force are more important than a consistently good prose style which few of the great novelists possessed. Moreover, Mr. Maugham stands on those liberal principles which need to be reiterated today when he drily asks for some latitude to be used when defining novels as moral or immoral. His remarks need to be taken to heart not so much by the critics as by the politicians and lawyers.

Indeed, I can think of no greater public service that his publishers could render than to send a copy of this humane book *gratis* to Sir Theobald Mathew, the Director of Public Prosecutions. Mr. Maugham writes very simply and he should be able to understand it. He and the late Home Secretary remind one of prefects who have slogged their way up the school by sheer strength of character and now urge their monitors to stop smut being talked in the changing-rooms. The present purity campaign is a fascinating spectacle. Every stop in the organ of Good Form, of hypocritical English life is being pulled out. Novels are declared to be obscene, but sadistic comics for children must not be prohibited for that would interfere with the freedom of the Press; seaside holiday-makers enjoy buying vulgar postcards—that must be stopped at once; and publishers are sagely advised at luncheon not to protest against these prosecutions lest a censorship of literature comparable to that which is exercised over the theatre and cinema might be established. Meanwhile a plaque to Wilde is put up in Tite Street and we all glow with righteous indignation against the savage sentence which he received at the hands of the Victorians, well knowing that he would receive precisely the same sentence today. Indeed, it was only those courageous institutions, Sir Robert Boothby and the Church of England, who pushed the late Home Secretary from behind and compelled him to set up a committee to investigate sexual offences. But of course we are told that amidst all this no

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* *Ten Novels and Their Authors*. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. *Heinemann*. 21s.

one would dream of censoring real literature.

Why not? The Swindon magistrates when they ordered the *Decameron* to be burnt were only acting in accordance with official notions of purity. Art is frequently pornographic. Like Boucher's enchanting picture of *La Petite Morphil* at Munich, many poems and passages in novels are designed to stimulate the sensual appetites. And very enjoyable they are, too. It is cant to suggest that because every stanza or paragraph is not equally stimulating they are somehow neutralised. Sir Theobald Mathew, poor fellow, has probably not had time to read much literature (except the *Decameron*); but a short anthology could easily be prepared which would give him a sleepless night. The question remains what harm is done by these lascivious writings? Mr. Maugham has given the artist's defence:

> If you asked him how he could defend himself against the charge of corrupting the young, he would answer that it is very well for the young to learn what sort of world it is that they will have to cope with. The result may be disastrous if they expect too much. If the realist can teach them to expect little from others; to realise from the beginning that each one's main interest is in himself; if he can teach them that, in some way or other, they will have to pay for everything they get, be it place, fortune, honour, love, reputation; and that a great part of wisdom is not to pay for anything more than it is worth, he will have done more than all the pedagogues and preachers to enable them to make the best of this difficult business of living.

Will Sir Theobald and his minions please ponder on these words written by a Companion of Honour?

NOEL ANNAN

THE GREEN MAN

I am the tree and I know my death
Withering, cold:
To pass from the green to the naked black
It is true I wear the gold.

I fire know that the livening wind
Will mad me first, then kill:
Or else that my death lies shapelessly
Where the water is strong and still.

I water know that in the sun
My death is grinning dry:
Or else waits in the frost to clamp
Iron teeth from a steel sky.

And I the green man among the trees
Have heard of the death of love.
My mind is a thicket of the dark rain
Where I watch a white girl move.

I would say: See the trees are stark,
The choked fire gray and thin,
The water hard as derisive bone,
But my love lives on.

I would shoot as at a bird
My gun through the croaking wood,
And cry: Hear the wounded winter fall,
O love, rest unpursued.

I the green man among the trees
Remember to forget.
A white girl is sudden as a great gun-shot
So ears are deafened yet.

Love among the trees, live green as the trees,
Predatory as red fire,
Long as the water between the stones
Falling to the end of the year.

JOHN ARDEN

THE SERVANT OF U.N.

In the Cause of Peace. By TRYGVE LIE. *Macmillan: New York.* 35*s.*

When Mr. Lie speaks of "the United Nations" he means something more than the sum total of the member states, something nearer to the elusive conception of Rousseau's *volonté générale*. In his capacity as first Secretary-General he thought it his duty to be constantly reminding the Great Powers of their obligation to promote the interests of the United Nations, as the symbol of an interdependent world. Basing himself on Article 99 of the Charter, he insisted on his right to take initiatives in diplomacy and to offer interpretations of the Charter, even at the risk of offending powerful Governments.

This frequently got him into trouble, sometimes with Washington, sometimes with Moscow, while London tended to grumble rather than protest. Yet there can be little doubt that Mr. Lie was doing what the peoples of the world expected of him. However much the Foreign Offices might long for another superb international civil servant like Sir Eric Drummond, post-war public opinion, especially in the smaller nations, hoped that the chief U.N. official would play a positive role in the making of policy. In any case, Mr. Lie is so obviously a political animal that those who chose him can hardly complain that he did not turn out to be a bureaucrat.

Some of his ventures into statesmanship were no doubt either unrealistic or unfortunate in their timing. In some he was swimming against a tide that was bound to prove too strong for him. Yet even in these cases he could argue that there was value in his holding aloft the flag of international co-operation when national statesmen were bent on consolidating alliances on an older pattern. The outstanding example of this is the journey which he undertook in the early part of 1950 in the hope of commending his 20-year Peace Plan in all the leading capitals. This initiative received a cool welcome from Governments whose energies were then concentrated upon the creation of N.A.T.O., while his reception in Moscow was a characteristic masterpiece of ambiguity. What Moscow was really thinking became clearer when the Korean war broke out shortly afterwards and automatically relegated Mr. Lie's plan to a remote pigeon-hole. Mr. Lie claims that this plan, though no doubt impracticable in the climate of 1950, nevertheless was essentially an anticipation of Sir Winston Churchill's later plans for high-level conferences, pacts of mutual security, and co-existence generally. What distresses Mr. Lie is that although some of these ideas are now coming into fashion, it does not look as though United Nations machinery would be employed to carry them out. It seems indeed improbable that Great Power negotiations will be concentrated, as he hoped, in periodic meetings of the Security Council, though disarmament and atomic energy may be important exceptions to this generalisation.

Throughout his book Mr. Lie shows an awareness of the extent to which major issues were nearly always settled by events outside the United Nations. He knew that United Nations debates were more often a reflection of the outside world than a means of changing it, and that was no doubt one reason why he thought it important that he, too, should be active outside the U.N. itself, as when he worked behind the scenes to get the U.N. in New York, or lobbied to have the Rio Defence Pact firmly embedded, in form at least, within the framework of the Charter.

His claims on behalf of U.N. are rarely exaggerated. Of the Palestine dispute he merely says "the role of the United Nations was not discreditable," an assertion which is, if anything, an understatement, when one realises that he is referring not to the inglorious role of the leading member states, but to the untiring and useful efforts at mediation of Count Bernadotte and Mr. Bunche. Again, when he visited the "European front of the cold war" in 1951, he recognised sadly that the United Nations had had no chance to make any impact upon events in that area. In his final summing-up he takes comfort in the fact that a world war was avoided during his period of office but adds: "Not that the credit was due to the United Nations." What he asserts is that he did all he could "to prevent the United Nations from sinking or running aground" and that if this had happened "we should have been far closer to a world war today." This is surely just about the right verdict.

In his early years as Secretary-General Mr. Lie's anxiety to maintain the impartiality of his office earned him the contrasting titles of "Stalin agent" and "American stooge." After the outbreak of the Korean war, in which he gave strong but strictly correct support to the majority decisions of U.N., he was boycotted by the Soviet and satellite Governments and became, despite himself, a western nominee. Mr. Lie's conduct in all this is not open to serious criticism, but it is nevertheless true, as he himself recognised, that it was better that there should be a new man in the Secretary-General's chair when the phase of renewed Great Power negotiation opened.

Close students of international affairs will find little in this book that is entirely new, but some of Mr. Lie's interviews, notably with Stalin and with Jan Masaryk shortly before his tragic death, are of considerable interest. The United Kingdom does not cut a very dazzling figure in Mr. Lie's story, and anyone who knows Mr. Lie will know that this is not due to prejudice against this country. Mr. Lie does not feel he got much help from Britain in building up his staff; he thought Ernest Bevin's tactics in the early Security Council's meetings unnecessarily brutal; he found Britain's role in the Palestine dispute discreditable; and his 1950 peace initiative seems to have had a grumpier reception from Bevin than from Acheson, Schuman or Molotov. The key to this may perhaps be found in the one occasion, in 1950, when Bevin spoke words of encouragement to him, adding, "I've not always liked it (U.N.) and I believed that you've exaggerated a good bit on many occasions. But perhaps that was necessary to hold the whole thing together." Mr. Lie's obstinate determination to make U.N. count to the maximum was bound to rub up against Ernest Bevin's grim sense of power politics.

KENNETH YOUNGER

THE OTHER SIDE

The New Partisan Reader. Edited by WILLIAM PHILLIPS and PHILIP RAHV. *Deutsch.* 30*s.*

Times Literary Supplement. Special Number on *American Writing Today*. 6*d.*

We can no longer condescend to American literature. The poor young nephew of graceless enthusiasms has grown up and made good. It is our own contemporary writing that begins to seem threadbare. We haven't the zest, the willingness to try, the commitment even to our mistakes. And we haven't so many writers of talent. There are four major literary periodicals in America all of which maintain a level of serious intelligence higher, now *Scrutiny* is dead, than any in England. Like any literary magazine they are critical: by selection, even by foibles, they comment on the scene. The doctor reads his own pulse. The trouble is that the *Kenyon*, *Sewanee* and *Hudson Reviews*, for all their professional seriousness, lack personal conviction. The editors assert the theories of the New Criticism rather than their own taste. If a work is ambiguous, ironic, dramatistic, paradoxical, it gets in. Once, of course, this was daring and *avant-garde*. For the New Criticism, its defenders implied, they would have shed blood. Now it is an accepted fact; it is academic; the imagination wavers, at times, and lags. The prolonged Alexandrian analyses have become ritual instead of discovery, and the poorer works they breed on—prose after Faulkner and Kafka, verse after Stevens and Rilke—begin to deaden with their knowing intellectual niceties.

The Partisan Review has never taken part in this retreat to the aesthetic tower. Twenty years ago it started far over on the Trotskyite left. By 1937, it had abandoned the C.P. and

Odhams have just published

THE BIOGRAPHY OF

VISCOUNT SOUTHWOOD

By R. J. Minney

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grandly declared war on all totalitarianism. But habits of mind die harder than convictions and the *Partisan* has remained to criticise literature in terms of society, trying, as Lionel Trilling said in his preface to the first *Partisan Reader*, "to bring about the union of the political idea with the imagination." It abandoned dogmatic politics and it never fell for the dogmatic aesthetics of the New Criticism. Waving its banner of the Liberal Imagination it has battled consistently for a responsible and responsive humanism. Its writers have a secret weapon, cynical metropolitan wit; but they are a little ashamed of it, like germ warfare.

It has never confined itself to literature—indeed, in this latest anthology, *The New Partisan Reader*, both the best essay (Hannah Arendt on the concentration camps) and the worst (Milton Klonsky's ostentatious vulgarities on mass culture) are political and social analyses. But below everything is the single idea of the intelligent, sensitive Man in Society. In these terms the *Partisan Review* has undertaken to criticise again and again the crudities of the American scene, drumming in what Randall Jarrell calls "Our most disastrous lacks—delicacy, awe, order, natural magnificence and piety." It's serious, it's intelligent, it's proper, but it is not enough for criticism. The standards are too vast and shadowy. James Baldwin, for example, attacking the sentimental pieties of American protest fiction, is lively, cogent, deeply sincere—but he preaches. And, as preachers do, he uses the text for his own didactic purposes. Too much of the criticism in this volume, however stimulating, is taken up in saying what the U.S.A. *is not* rather than what a particular work of art *is*.

The blame must lie with the editors. Certainly, the other American periodicals are far more eclectic; they fall monotonously for the arty-clever subjects and the big names. The *Partisan Review* is more coherent than that. Most of the contributors share, at least, the theme of the reciprocal responsibility of art and society, of the public morals of literature. But it is a common preoccupation without a common tone. The editors seem more concerned that the right subjects should be dealt with than that their own views should come through. They cannot, I think, afford to be so unassuming; the character of a critical magazine relies on a certain arrogance. It is very sly of them to lump Mary McCarthy, Cyril Connolly, W. H. Auden and Ludwig Marcuse together as "Variety"; while Hannah Arendt, V. S. Pritchett, Alfred Kazin, George Orwell, Ortega y Gasset, Arthur Schlesinger and Czeslaw Milosz are joined, if only by a common quality of intelligence and concern; but what are Stephen Spender, Milton Klonsky, Eleanor Clark, and Robert Warshow doing in this company? A literary magazine should not be a scrap-book.

The ghosts of the social problems walk in the third of the volume that is given over to creative writing. They appear, at times, in the labouring style, in ponderous masses of detail, in a paralysing slowness: some of these writers seem to be crushed under the weight of society. Against this the individual too often makes his pathetic reaction by donning the not-quite tragic mask of neurosis. In New York they call it "the stream of anxiousness." Lacking, as their critics insist, the order of common moral assumptions, characters of fiction simulate in themselves the disorder which implicitly they criticise. Affirming nothing, they are isolated in nervous chaos and leave only the incurable depression of self-regard. It is unjust to America, where there is so much affirmation and vigour. It is a sort of snobbishness. Philip Rahv, in a good essay on Tolstoy, speaks of the necessity under which the *littérateur* labours "of preying upon life for the themes that it yields." The results are so much better when, for instance, Delmore Schwartz and Max Wiseman use with zest and irony what they have before them—that is, the hard-bitten sentimentality of America—than when Jean Stafford exploits the loneliness of pain and neurosis, or Saul Bellow indulges his verbal and cultural conceit.

The New Partisan Reader has not the pressure or cogency of a critical group. It is a collection of extremely intelligent essays bound loosely together by a general worry and lightened by a few good short stories and some better poems (by Robert Lowell, Wallace Stevens and Theodore Roethke). We could not do so well here.

To prove this there is the *Times Literary Supplement's* special number on *American Writing Today*. There are a hundred pages of it, charting not just the literary scene but the whole cultural drift. It is valiant, huge and motiveless, a sort of literary Kraken. It's the size and scope that is impressive, and individually some of the articles are good: particularly "Prophets Without Honour," an analysis of the social status of the writer in the U.S.A., and "Expressive Voices," a search for the American style through practical criticism. There are knowledgeable but puddingy articles on "The Conscience of a People" and "The Dominant Theme of Violence," both scholarly analyses of literary themes, and two lively rhetorical pieces on writers and the universities (pages vi and xxxiv). But there is no centre to it all; it is finally consistent only in its inconsequential lack of discrimination. For example, the article on "The Serious Literary Review" does not mention the *Partisan*. Somehow a few lines on its political history are squeezed into "The Poetic Background"; elsewhere it is dismissed reprovingly as "not exclusively literary but concerned with socio-politico-intellectual issues" (*sic*). Again, R. P. Blackmur is at last given the praise long overdue to him in this country, but Marius Bewley is altogether missed. J. D. Salinger is twice singled out for his indifferent short stories, while his brilliant novel, *The Catcher in the Rye*, is ignored. There is a whole article in praise of Peter Viereck as—of all things—a political thinker, and not a word of Hannah Arendt. And so on. It just won't do. The writers cover everything from Comic Strips to Careers for the Young Poet, but no one has told them what to look for. They are good with the acknowledged classics—with Hawthorne, James and Mark Twain—but contemporary literature overwhelms them. With the weary earnestness of guides in an overstocked museum they reel off their catalogues of names, each with its epithet, turned phrase, date. We are weighed down by the dreary setting; the exhibits don't get a chance. It is a noble effort and it needed doing, but it would have been better if the editors had not tried to include so much nor, as so often in the *Literary Supplement*, insisted on discussing contemporary writing in a scholarly monotone.

A. ALVAREZ

APPEASER'S APOLOGY

Nine Troubled Years. By VISCOUNT TEMPLEWOOD. *Collins.* 25*s.*

Elevation to the House of Lords brings a welcome obscurity. Sir Samuel Hoare disappears; Lord Templewood takes his place. No one will grudge Lord Templewood a peaceful old age; but when he returns to the controversies of the years before 1939, he must not be surprised if dead ashes burst into flame. Lord Templewood is a clever man; a plausible writer, never pressing his case too hard, casually slipping in the awkward facts, and trying hard not to be self-satisfied. Yet his book revives the half-forgotten impression that Sir Samuel Hoare was the most complacent and fatuous, even the most detestable, of the four Appeasers. Quakerism has always been in danger of smugness, and is redeemed from it only by obstinate radicalism. A conservative of Quaker background has the faults on both sides, none more so than the Foreign Secretary who once rode tandem with Laval.

Lord Templewood plays himself in quietly. His first years in the National Government were taken up with the Constitution of India Bill, a controversy in which all enlightened opinion was on his side against Churchill—a small score, but a telling one. He establishes his sympathy with Gandhi—another useful point—and gives an admirable picture of Gandhi's meeting with George V. When the King burst out: "Remember, Mr. Gandhi, I won't have any attacks on my Empire!", Gandhi replied: "I must not be drawn into a political argument in Your Majesty's Palace after receiving Your Majesty's hospitality." A conversation creditable to all parties, including the attendant Secretary of State. A favourable atmosphere is created; the reader begins to sympathise.

Now comes the first test—Abyssinia and the Hoare-Laval plan. How will Lord Templewood reconcile his great speech at Geneva with the subsequent "dirty deal"? Very simple. He plays down the speech: it was not so much a British pledge to collective security—that could not be doubted—but a warning to others that Great Britain would back out unless they too played their part. How could British or foreign opinion have misunderstood him? As to the Hoare-Laval plan, this was not his idea at all. It was devised by the Foreign Office, approved by the Cabinet, encouraged by the League committee; and Sir Samuel Hoare, tired by his exertions, merely put his name to it. The plan would have saved Abyssinia, and given us Mussolini as an ally. Baldwin ran away, stabbed Hoare in the back. He must bear the blame and not for this alone.

The worst hurdle is over. The rest is routine stuff. The Anglo-German naval agreement is given the credit for Germany's naval backwardness at the outbreak of war. Only on a later page does Lord Templewood slip in the confession that Hitler had exceeded "certain agreed limits in the case of the pocket battleships." In other words, Hitler cheated on the only point where he had time to cheat. The naval agreement did not retard his plans at all. The account of Munich opens with a great display of sympathy for the

B J P S

The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science

SPECIAL NUMBER NOVEMBER 1954

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Czechs, peculiarly nauseating in the circumstances. The blame is put on Czechoslovakia's strategical position, on French hesitation, on anything except the policy of the four British Appeasers. No chance is missed for a passing smear. Duff Cooper was the only Minister to come out of Munich with honour. Lord Templewood remarks in a footnote that Duff Cooper, though first Lord of the Admiralty, did not know about the mobilisation of the Fleet until after it had been decided; and adds a little later that in August while the four Appeasers were labouring away, Duff Cooper "had been yachting in the Baltic." Lord Templewood also emphasises the solidarity of the Cabinet. For instance he asserts that the communiqué of September 26 stating that Russia was ready to join us and the French was issued "from the Press Department of the Foreign Office," and adds: "we immediately issued a repudiation of the statement." But according to the *Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939*, "Lord Halifax authorised the issue of the communiqué," and it was never repudiated. The discrepancy is significant.

Sir Samuel Hoare's last great achievement was his speech at Chelsea on March 10, 1939, announcing a new golden age. This, too, it seems, was all a misunderstanding. Sir Samuel was only pointing out how agreeable things would be if the danger of war were removed. And if he failed to foresee Hitler's occupation of Prague on March 15, were not even the German generals equally blind? The same argument is repeated again and again in different forms: though Sir Samuel Hoare erred, it was only in company with other men. Baldwin was wrong, Attlee was wrong, the British public were wrong. Why should Sir Samuel Hoare be expected to be right? The parable of Lord Templewood's life is to be found in his skill at skating. He was almost in the first rank on the ice; good enough to aspire to a gold medal, never quite good enough to win it. Instead he fell on the ice and broke his nose at the most critical moment of his career—two days after signing the Hoare-Laval plan. His book is a clever defence; but there is a cleverer still—to keep silence. Lord Halifax, alone of the four Appeasers, has never uttered. Hence, Lord Templewood was cast into outer darkness in 1940; Lord Halifax remained an honoured member of the War Cabinet. High Anglicanism is a better training than Quakerism for the sanctimonious public man.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

A CONSCIENCE

George Orwell. By LAURENCE BRANDER. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

George Orwell was the conscience-pricker of the Thirties and Forties in England and the only imaginative writer whom we can put beside the politically-minded of the Continent. Beside them he has an eccentric appearance—something amateur in the best sense, something (in Mr. Brander's phrase) of the Lollard. He is the rebel and not the revolutionary, the craftsman rather than the artist, the man who prefers liberty to the pursuit of happiness, the prose shed at the bottom of the garden to the top room in the ivory tower. Mr. George Brander's book has the merit of being a sympathetic and clear exposition of Orwell's work, book by book, and it opens with a brief and now familiar portrait. Orwell would of course allow no biography: the desire to be anonymous, to appear as something plain when he obviously was not, was a vanity. He was probably marked for life by that loneliness and homelessness which was the lot of many Anglo-Indian children, and here one may see the source of his intellectual power, his solitary one-sidedness, his detachment and his weakness when he writes about personal relationships. The incisive, rapid spirit of his pamphleteering is felt at once because he knows how to convey he is beginning on the simplest level which any decent man can understand; it is felt also because he is quick to convey that "all but he have left the

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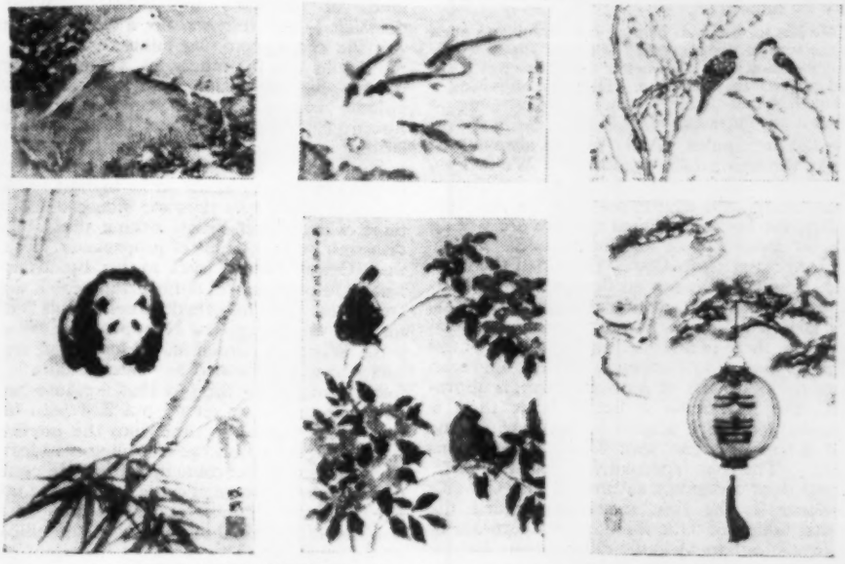

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field." He was essentially a critical intelligence and each book, as Mr. Brander says, is an intellectual feat, something worked out independently by himself.

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He is the anticipator. And "he can always pick his way through a false argument." We feel we are more sensible after reading him—even when he has made wild assertions—and we also feel hostility, for he has assumed that we are willing to throw away half of our experience. Things were never quite how Orwell described them.

Mr. Brander does not go deeply into his subject, being content to expound and, perhaps, since Orwell's range is narrow and his method combative, there is not much to say. The praise given to *Homage to Catalonia*, and the appreciation of the best parts of *Burmese Days*, is appropriate, the last being a better book than is supposed generally, despite its rancour. One could no more argue with Samuel Butler, his master. The one speculative idea that Mr. Brander does cautiously advance is that Orwell's experience in the East may have added the Oriental notion of "the infinite unimportance of human affairs" to Orwell's detachment. In one sense, Orwell thought human affairs more important and urgent than did many people in his time; but to this he added what looks like the misanthropy of the lone stand. He caught the air of negligence which hangs about human tragedy. He was an artist in disparagement—and as Mr. Brander remarks—in a sort of spiritual thrawnness.

In a way, what Orwell does in his essays on Newspeak, on Goldstein's philosophy (in *1984*), on Lear and Tolstoy, and even in his general attack on the totalitarian tendency in Socialism, is an elaboration of that early personal experience of being a poor boy in a rich boys' school. He is really attacking the "rich," established orthodox view, success as it appears in certain kinds of literature and politics. What he demanded—and this is really a religious demand—is the uncompromising failure. The idea that we should live for others, as Tolstoy expressed it after his conversion, is selfish and even a swindle because Tolstoy expected to be rewarded for virtue. Virtue is its own reward. Only the corrupt are rewarded in Orwell; reward itself is the sign of corruption. At his best, Orwell conducted this argument on its highest level, but he could exploit its tiresome side too. Not all those who praised Russia during the war were dishonest or the victims of propaganda, any more than Orwell himself was in his broadcasts to India. Another aspect of his tiresomeness was his attacks on what he called "intellectuals" which for him was a personal Newspeak for "journalists." When he himself was a journalist, journalists had to be damned as "intellectuals." The foible comes from the fact that, because he had not gone to the university but had seen life in the Burma police, he came into the intellectual world with the advantage of having read less and lived more than his contemporaries. He certainly had personal courage and the instinct for action. He had great kindness and good humour. He also had that astonishing prevision and efficiency which enabled him to construct his talent out of himself, without waste and against the seductions of the best education in England. He is the last English writer to convince one of dedication: the first task of a writer is the most difficult. It is the painful training of the kind of self one has to be true to, and to the exclusion of everything else.

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A CRETAN OPERATION

Hide and Seek. *The Story of a Wartime Agent.* By XAN FIELDING. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

Crete has become a very special corner, the Missolonghi of the last war, not so much for the ten-day battle in 1941, which was of great military importance, as for the subsequent Resistance movement, which was not. It attracted Englishmen of Byronic character, who found in the Cretans a courage and loyalty as great as their own, and have now retired to the Foreign Office, *The Times* staff or other literary retreats with D.S.O.s trailing from their names like strings of balloons. Among them was Xan Fielding. For three almost unbroken years he commanded a band of guerillas in western Crete, where he was able to forget his dislike of the Regular Army in an outlaw's existence, and by the discovery of "certain human qualities which went out of fashion with the advent of peace."

Hide and Seek is a good title for his book, but it indicates one of its weaknesses. As a childhood game it was most exciting to play, but as monotonous to describe as a round of golf. When one group of men hides for long periods in remote mountains while another circles round them at a distance, the monotony of the record is only slightly less. It is like an escape-story with no break-out and no neutral frontier to make for. Life centred round the small politics of the partisans, the daily wireless report and the occasional arrival of reliefs and supplies by sea or air. The variety of circumstance was infinite, but the variety of atmosphere was not. Certainly the first half of the book suffers from this lack of incident, until the guerillas began active operations and the Germans took to the hills in pursuit of them. The tedium, melancholy and irritability which were an inevitable part of those early days are communicated so effectively to the reader that he begins to share them.

Mr. Fielding does not attempt to overcome this disadvantage by the literary devices which any less austere and self-withdrawing author could employ. His prose does indeed march with a firm, springing step, as of a man striding over the cropped turf of the Downs. But even when he comes to the later incidents which involved him in acute danger, he fails to give us a sense of participation. There was only one moment, and that was after he had left Crete for a fortnight's adventure as an agent in southern France, when I instinctively looked out of the window to summon up the courage to read on. Of course, he plays down his gallantry and love of Crete quite deliberately, and I am guilty, if it is a crime, of wishing that he had written the book which he did not want to write. I hoped for an Odyssey. He has written a slice of military history, and even that is far from complete. He tells us astonishingly little—half a dozen sentences scattered through the book—about the intentions and achievements of his Cretan mission. He leaves the impression that the main purpose of his party was to consume the time of the Germans in searching for them, when in fact the Germans had little else to do. About the contents of the reports which he sent back regularly at such risk, and the action taken as a result, there is almost nothing. It cannot be Security which restrained him. It was perhaps his dislike of the purely military, and therefore impersonal, side of his work. He felt about Staff Officers like someone who dislikes politics feels about Members of Parliament: incomprehensible, and mostly despicable.

When he does reveal himself, it is usually, and again deliberately, to his own disadvantage. There is one such passage which I found so strange that I re-read it several times. The guerillas came across a young German deserter, and decided, for apparently adequate reasons, that there was only one way of dealing with him, to execute him. Next morning Xan Fielding took him to a desolate spot, fired at him from short range, but failed to kill him outright. The boy, terribly wounded, stumbled off through the rocks, where he was recaptured and finished off. Mr. Fielding comments: "I know only too well that I had bungled the killing. Had I made a clean job of it, I might soon have forgotten the expression in that German's eyes." How can any man, particularly one so obviously sensitive, ever forget the only deliberate act of murder he has ever committed? Why does he find it necessary to conceal his natural horror at the whole incident behind mere dismay at his own incompetence?

I do not quote this story as typical of his toughness, for though often obliged to be tough, he never acted tough. I quote it as an example of his reluctance to give the whole of himself to his book, since I think it a pity that the anti-social feelings to which he admits should have been extended to cover his unknown, unseen readers. Above all, I intend no sneer, for Xan Fielding is among the least contemptible people of whom I have ever heard or read.

NIGEL NICOLSON

PRINCELY MAGNIFICENCE

Music at Court. By ALAN YORKE-LONG. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*

This carefully produced volume, an inquiry into musical life at some typical eighteenth-century courts (Parma, Stuttgart, Dresden and Berlin), consists of four spirited forays into an important but neglected region of musical history.

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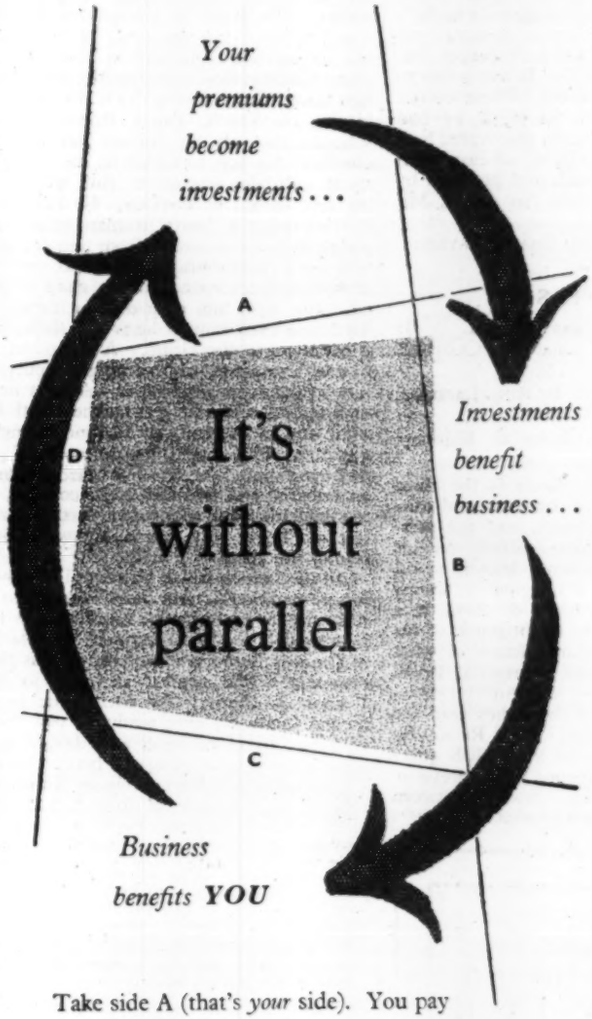
The first object of court opera, no doubt, was the glorification of absolute monarchy—a fact of which we are forcibly reminded by such sadly



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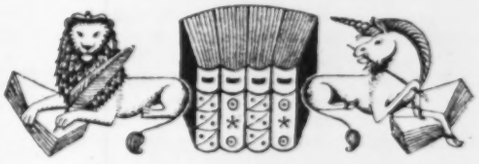

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undramatic opera plots as that which displays the unfailing *Clemency of Titus*. But the secondary objects were hardly less important; and these ranged from sheer love of luxury and pleasure, or the simple gratification of the flesh by means of ballet dancers and an occasional soprano, to a genuine passion for dramatic music. Spectacle played a leading role, and the earlier parts of these narratives are much concerned with equestrian battles, sea-fights, military processions and so forth, in all which music was a very junior partner. One day a change would come. A young prince would pay a visit to an artistically more advanced monarch, and return dissatisfied with his own arrangements and resolved to establish the all-conquering new art form, *opera seria*, on a more firm and splendid basis. Money was squeezed from the protesting citizens, much of it to be squandered, some to be intelligently spent on securing the best—not only the best performers but the best composers, for in those days composers too "belonged" to their patrons, who would have been ashamed merely to copy operas first produced at some rival court. For a decade or so, results of real artistic significance were perhaps attained; then would come the inevitable period of enforced retrenchment, or perhaps a new ruler of sterner tastes; and the court composer probably moved elsewhere. Somewhere he would be wanted, for throughout the century *opera seria* dominated the European scene—and incidentally gave rise (together with its subsidiary, the newer *opera buffa*) to almost all that we most value in the German tradition of symphonic and chamber music. But German opera itself was powerless against the brilliant importation, and it was not until after 1800 that the great period of romantic German opera could begin.

All this, and much more, is entertainingly related in Mr. Yorke-Long's four studies, which bring to life not only important composers, like Traetta and Jommelli, but also their royal patrons: most notably Frederick the Great, Charles Eugene of Württemberg, and that royal blue-stocking, Maria Antonia of Saxony, who wrote practicable operas herself, both words and music, and saw them performed. "The present volume," says Professor Dent in his Introduction, "is only a first instalment of a much more comprehensive work"; sadly, it is also the last, for the author, an occasional contributor to this journal, died of cancer two years ago at the early age of 27. It was a loss to the world of musical scholarship. These essays, though only a fragment of the work he had planned, show that he had already discovered how to convey sound learning in a light and easy style; they are handsomely illustrated, and prefaced by a short and vivid memoir from his friend, Mr. Patrick Trevor-Roper.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

NEW NOVELS

The Heritage of Quincas Borba. By MACHADO DE ASSIS. Translated by CLOTILDE WILSON. *W. H. Allen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Ecstasy of Owen Muir. By RING LARDNER, JR. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Riot. By JOHN WYLLIE. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Heritage of Quincas Borba is the third novel by Machado de Assis to be translated during the past two or three years, and the publisher is warmly to be congratulated on his perseverance in making his work known to us. Though not by any stretch of imagination among the greatest novelists, Machado de Assis is a delightful minor master. No doubt much of his charm comes from his delicate picture of what to us is an exotic civilisation: imperial Brazil in the Sixties and Seventies, a Latin culture in equatorial America in which the ladies read the latest serial by Octave Feuillet in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the gentlemen English quarterlies, while all the time, so runs the impression, Negro slaves go backwards and forwards between them bearing *billets-doux* and presents of fruit.

But there is much more to Machado de Assis than the charm of the exotic scene, which is the the charm of the imperfectly understood. What this more is, *The Heritage of Quincas Borba* shows. The novel is a sequel to *Epitaph of a Small Winner*, but ignorance of that book need not impair one's pleasure in this. In its early pages Quincas Borba, the philosopher-hero of the first novel, dies believing he is St. Augustine and leaving his Sancho Panza, Rubião, a provincial schoolmaster, all his fortune on condition he cherishes his dog, to which he has given his own name. Rubião sets off to Rio, and in a sense the rest should be obvious. He falls hopelessly in love with a pretty woman whose husband promptly borrows money from him and persuades him into partnership with him in business. Rubião gathers round him a gang of spongers who dine with him each day, or, rather, dine at his house even though he is not there, and help themselves to his cigars. A politician, bribing him with prospects of becoming a deputy, induces him to finance a newspaper. After a first stammering declaration he gets nowhere with his love-affair and in the end, his fortune falling rapidly away from him, retires into delusions of grandeur and even more: he has his beard trimmed into an imperial and becomes Napoleon III, showering dukedoms and ministerial portfolios right and left and being very magnanimous to his beaten enemy the King of Prussia.

All this, which would be central to most novels, is here peripheral. Machado, it seems to me, had little gift for narrative; or narrative was not what interested him. What happens in *The Heritage of Quincas Borba* is important only as theme for comment. The nearest analogue to Machado I know is Sterne; like Sterne, he is a sentimental humorist, ever ready to pay the tribute of a tear or of a smile, and delighting all the time in the irony of things. There is, for instance, a scene in which Sophia, whom Rubião loves, is relaxed in a reverie of love and, looking out of the window, suddenly bursts out laughing. The postman has fallen down. Machado comments:

> Sometimes, he does not even have to fall; other times, he does not even have to exist. It suffices to imagine him or to remember him. If the mere shadow of a grotesque memory projects itself into the midst of the most grievious sorrow, a smile—however faint, perhaps, a mere trace of a smile—may rise to the surface.

Or again, the last words of the novel, after the description of Machado's death, as he lifts the imagined imperial crown of France to his head: "The Southern Cross, which the beautiful Sophia would not gaze upon as Rubião begged her to do, is sufficiently high in the heavens not to distinguish between man's laughter and tears."

To this Sternean approach Machado adds, in *The Heritage of Quincas Borba*, a view of the relative nature of sanity akin to Pirandello in *Henry IV*. The result is a novel of much charm and sympathy. The translation appears to be adequate, though surely "the Antheu of the fable, who each time that he fell rose with greater vigour" is merely our old friend Antaeus.

Mr. Ring Lardner, Jr., also works in an old tradition of the novel. His hero, Owen Muir, the son of an American millionaire, is the literal-minded innocent, the stalking-horse behind which so many satirists have hidden themselves; and Mr. Lardner is nothing if not a satirist. Having read Tolstoy, Owen becomes a pacifist and a conscientious objector until, in the prison camp where he finds himself with small-time crooks and Nazi agents, he sees a Negro convict threatened with castration by Fascists. All this, and the episodes of war, are, however, merely preparatory to the essential stuff of the book, which begins with Owen's marriage to a Catholic girl and his own literal-minded acceptance of the dogmas of the Church. The novel then becomes a really full-blooded onslaught on the Roman Church in America, its theology, its casuistry and the part it plays in contemporary politics.

In the present state of feeling in the United States it must have been a courageous book to write, and it is refreshing to read satire that pulls

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no punches. It struck me as being too long and not well designed, but it has some excellently vicious characters, notably the hero's father, the Roosevelt-hating dollar-a-year man, and the sinister Monsignor Frasso, who gives Owen instruction in dogma as he makes himself up for his appearance in a film short, "a little one-reel special for the Feast of the Assumption."

Mr. John Wyllie's *The Goodly Seed* was, rightly, very highly praised. It was not, however, a work that made its author's development as a novelist easy to predict, and perhaps the most immediately striking thing about *Riot* is that it shows that Mr. Wyllie has made himself a highly professional novelist. He has attempted a difficult theme and to a very considerable degree brought it off. The riot of the title occurs in a town in a British West African colony; we see it and its effects through the eyes of a very large number of characters, white and black, British administrators and traders, missionaries, ambitious African politicians of several brands, and others, again white and black, caught up in its repercussions almost by accident. Mr. Wyllie has plainly put himself to school with film-makers. His technique of cutting from scene to scene and personage to personage is not one that allows much development of character, but his characters, even if not much more than glimpsed, are vividly rendered.

I am bound to say that *Riot* lacks the especial distinction of *The Goodly Seed*, which lay in the extra-literary quality of feeling for human goodness. It is there, in the character of the missionary Dortweiler, but it does not irradiate the book as it did his first novel.

WALTER ALLEN

AND NOW ALL THIS

People, Places and Things. Vol. I: People. Vol. II: Places. Ed. GEOFFREY GRIGSON & C. H. GIBBS-SMITH. *Grosvenor Press.* 42*s.* each.

These volumes, each of which weighs several pounds, together form one half of "a series of books epitomising the tastes, achievements and aspirations of mankind." Two more are promised to complete it—*Things* and *Ideas*; but for the present we must rub along with a "a Volume of the Good, Bad, Great, and Eccentric," which insists that it isn't a biographical dictionary, and "a Volume of Travel in Space and Time," which insists that it isn't a gazetteer. One recalls Bertrand Russell's Wishful Conjugations: "I am a volume, you are a book, he is a work of reference."

No gazetteer, of course, and few previous dictionaries, can ever have been attired so royally. Lustrous jackets from David and Canaletto, glossily ripe for the jigsaw; endpapers specially printed in Amsterdam; 160 full-page plates in black and white, 16 in brilliant colour—each volume is a handsome ornament to the library's large lower shelves. Here, in *Places*, are pictures to rival the romantic vistas of childhood opened by *Boy's Own Annuals* and the *National Geographic*: purple smoke rising from Parácutin volcano—a lurching junk in the Yangtze Gorges—the long serpent of Hadrian's Wall. In *People*, the intent private faces parade before us: Berlioz, eyeing us keenly from the darkness of Courbet's portrait; the shiny, stolid effigy of Jeremy Bentham; the domed head of El Greco, thin, rueful, and tolerant; Donne in his winding-sheet, rapt and moustachioed; Einstein, hairily twinkling through a pair of halyards; Goethe, a wild-haired Mendès-France; Picasso, nearly naked; Marat, in his bath. If some of the portraits seem overfamiliar, others are refreshingly unusual. Disraeli, in a black hat, looks more like Humphrey Bogart than George Arliss: Voltaire, hunched and mischievous, seems curiously furtive; and Carlyle is gaunt, fox-eyed, and deathly sinister in a detail from Madox Brown's "Work." Simply as reproductions of pictures, the colour plates are remarkable—the Ward and Richard Wilson watercolours in *Places*, for example, or the Akbar prints and the Kokoschka self-portrait in *People*.

As picture-books, then, *People* and *Places* are magnificent; but despite a rich pot-pourri of contributors, their text is often less impressive. In this respect, *Places* seems better than *People*. Here, for instance, is the "suburbia of Levantine chi-chi":

> Properly you must approach this suburb by train, from Cairo; by the Metro, which does not go underground but is a railway of high-slung, free-lance monsters running naked through the streets, exhibitionist with bells. . . . After the shops, after a glimpse of sand, of other suburbs, and of slums, which look bombed and have never heard a bomb, Heliopolis arrives: a little like René Clair's Paris; very like a newer seaside resort, such as Clacton—without the sea.

Equally evocative are its comments on Athens, Bergen, Nîmes, Welwyn Garden City: but its emphases are sometimes odd. It dismisses Liechtenstein with an account of the postal industry: it ignores Edinburgh's parklike railway station. The visitor to Rome it directs, unhappily, into the heart of American Expressland; nor does it warn him of the claustrophobia induced by the Vatican City. Discussing the "unchanging" Camargue, it omits to mention its draining: from New Orleans it even omits jazz. Now and then, it faintly echoes Sapper: "Tokyo, the capital of Japan, is not the real thing, old hands tell you"—swapping yarns, presumably, over a sundowner.

To this level of expertise *People* seldom sinks: but its average sections fall short of those in *Places*. It is excellent on Churchill—clear, independent, and informative; it shrewdly refrains from canonising T. S. Eliot, and has a good word for W. H. Auden; it is uncommonly fair to Tom Paine and strict with Burke. But elsewhere its summaries, couched in terms of elegiac *bonhomie*, sometimes read like the dubious apophthegms produced in examination-papers, followed by the curt order: Discuss. They tell us that Dante constructed the *Commedia* "in harmony with the theology of Aquinas and the philosophy of Aristotle"; that Stendhal had "a quality of *spagnolismo* which he derived from his beloved Italy"; that Catherine the Great was "a 'vulture for culture' in eighteenth-century dress." More remarkable still is the capricious composition of both books. "The choice," declare the editors, "has been arbitrary": "we have not been too attentive . . . to the commands of 'ought' and 'must'." In *Places*, this is understandable. An atlas is less attractive than a book of travel; and if England and Italy dominate the entries, this is perhaps explained by fashion, beauty, and patriotism. The vagaries of *People*, however, are less easily excused. Why, with only Chaplin, Cocteau, and Friese-Greene to represent the cinema, does it say nothing of Lumière, Méliès, or D. W. Griffith? Why include Colette and omit George Sand? And where is the great figure of Garibaldi, where Mazzini, Schiller, Croce, Jesus Christ? Ah—but this is no book of reference, no Superior Children's Encyclopædia. It seeks only to "Illustrate the Admirable Diversity of Man."

RICHARD MAYNE

SHORTER REVIEWS

Must We Lose Africa? By COLIN LEGUM. *W. H. Allen.* 16*s.*

No one in Britain today doubts that Africa has become a problem continent. What is much less certain is that all its problems revolve around the person of the Kabaka of Buganda. This book is divided into two parts, first a highly-coloured account of the Buganda crisis, and secondly an analysis with solutions of the whole continent. The thread linking the two parts is tenuous. Some of Mr. Legum's history is dubious and his account of the Buganda controversy is written largely from the viewpoint of the Kabaka and his supporters. Nevertheless we must recognise this as the first full account of the events in the crisis and the reactions of the Baganda to the exile of their feudal sovereign. What is omitted is the threat to the progress of Uganda as a whole which the Governor saw in the Kabaka's demand for Buganda separation and the equally firm conviction of Sir Andrew Cohen that Mutesa himself re-

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presented a strong barrier to the progress of his people. It was on this personal conflict arising from the Governor's belief in unitary democracy for the Protectorate that the crisis broke. It is useful to have the case of the Kabaka and those who ran his campaign presented, but to complete the picture requires someone to do the same for the Governor.

The second half of the book is mostly superficial. To attempt to cover the whole field of British Colonial and Commonwealth policy and our relations with the African continent in half a book with the Kabaka incident as a starting-point, inevitably leads to those facile assumptions which arise from a propaganda approach. Why should we assume, for instance, that Christianity should be accepted by Africans or will solve any of their problems? Must we admit without argument or question that Africa should adopt undefined "Westernisation"? Why are we expected to accept that South Africa is a different and separate case from other African problems and that its White inhabitants are generous and kindly people though apparently those of Kenya and the Rhodesias are not? Should we ignore the problems raised by a Western-educated Kabaka in a feudal-tribalistic society?

These are profound and fundamental problems, troubling African as well as British minds. Mr. Legum's most unusual qualification is his acquaintance with the Baganda leaders and his understanding of their case. But our Colonial policy, which he wants us to declare with finality, must be based on a much more thorough analysis than any that he sketches in this book.

Groucho. By ARTHUR MARX. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

The author is Groucho's obviously very devoted son. He has written an extended profile which is lively and readable, and full of stories, yet in places rather thin. This thinness may be due to a young man's inexperience and a son's inhibitions; or it may be due to the fact that all modern comics—even Groucho, the most intelligent, spontaneous, and Aristophanically anarchic of them—are to some extent synthetic products, cardboard men. Also, of course, all actors' lives are notoriously dull. Never mind; this one will do quite nicely; one is only disappointed because one had expected too much. The personality that emerges is very amiable and friendly, rather sentimental, and markedly cyclothymic: full of little ups and downs, with that manic stream of Hegelian wisecracks, composed of interpenetrating opposites, frequently interrupted by short sharp bouts of gloom. Sometimes there were precipitating factors. After the stockmarket crash in 1929, in which he lost his savings, poor Groucho, then playing in *Animal Crackers* on Broadway, refused to go on, missed his cue for a quarter of an hour, and stayed in his dressing-room muttering: "What's the use of working and making money? I'll only lose it again."

Mr. Marx is good about the early days (before he was born) on tour with the whole family, including the redoubtable Minnie, Groucho's mother; good, too, about Groucho *en famille* in Beverley Hills, and his second huge success as a radio comedian which we in England have missed; but he is disappointing about the films, fails to appreciate *Horse-feathers* and *The Circus*, and doesn't tell you nearly enough about the other brothers. Why? He does, however, provide a fascinating glimpse of Boasberg, the eccentric 300-lb. gagman, held by Groucho to be the funniest man who ever lived.

South from Naples. By ROGER PEYREFITTE. *Thames & Hudson.* 21*s.*

Les Ambassades and *La Fin des Ambassades* established Roger Peyrefitte as a French Harold Nicolson, making mock of *la carrière* with something of the icy arrogance he sought to deride. With *South from Naples* he may claim another title, that of the French Norman Douglas. His affinities with the sage of Nepenthe, however, are geographical rather than spiritual. He shares his predecessor's interest in miracles, and reports attendance at the shrines of SS. Januarius and Alfio, in Naples and Sicily respectively. Of the two, only St. Januarius performed, liquefying his blood with commendable promptitude: but M. Peyrefitte, despite the "somewhat sardonic humour" giggled at by his blurb, was not entirely sceptical. He further pursued his archæological enquiries through all the churches in Naples: "how many of them there were I had no idea, but, as became a hardy pilgrim, I vowed that I would see them all." This embroiled him with numerous sacristans, priests, nuns, and monks—one of whom rashly promised to read his book *Les Amitiés Particulières*, from which he returned a sadder and a sterner man. Later, M. Peyrefitte travelled south along the Baedeker routes, taking in Capua, Benevento, Pompeii, Sorrento, Salerno, Capri, and much of Sicily. His precise aims are not clear; but his tour has produced a pleasant if conventional notebook. J. H. F. McEwen's translation of it is free and mainly felicitous, but betrays a greater knowledge of French than of Italy. The book's design and illustrations, by Gunter Boehmer, are admirable. The whole will perpetuate the legend of Southern Italy as a land of wine, women, song, and classical allusions. But as a peasant remarked when the author admired the view at Pozzuoli: "*Bello; ma molta miseria*"; and M. Peyrefitte might have written a more memorable book had he used his Quai d'Orsay experience to make a commentary on that text.

The Golden String. By BEDE GRIFFITHS. *Harvill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

After twenty years at Prinknash, a Benedictine monastery which looks out over the plain of Gloucester to the Malvern Hills, Dom Bede Griffiths retraces the steps which first brought him there. It is a journey that began one evening when, as a schoolboy at Christ's Hospital, he suddenly experienced a Traherne-like intuition of the beauty and wonder of the world; its stages were marked by Keats, Shelley, Spinoza, Berkeley, St. Augustine, Bede, Newman; among those who helped him were C. S. Lewis, D. H. Lawrence, the Cowley Fathers. It was a quest for the good life at all levels, and on coming down from Oxford the author spent nearly a year, with two like-minded friends, living the barest of lives in a Cotswold cottage. (Later it took him some time to adjust himself to the central heating and other mild luxuries of the monastery.) They tried to do without the products of industrialism: and though Dom Griffiths can now allow himself a smile at the naivety of the experiment, it was of immense value in demonstrating what are the real necessities of life, and in emphasising that interfusion of the material and the immaterial on which a true culture, let alone religion, rests.

Led by the golden string of Blake's poem ("It will lead you in at Heaven's gate, Built in Jerusalem's wall") he found himself at last at Rome, and the monastic life; but his book is as remarkable for its absence of sectarianism, its sympathetic understanding, based on knowledge, of Quaker, Anglican, Buddhist and Taoist, as for its precise, unsentimental record of spiritual experience.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,287

Set by G. W. Stonier

The usual prizes are offered for a shopkeeper's carol celebrating the arrival of Auntie Mistletoe. Limit 12 lines.

Report by G. W. Stonier

I was surprised to find how many competitors missed the particular point. "I must say," protests Allan M. Laing (to whom early greetings), "I don't quite see what Auntie Mistletoe has to do with shopkeepers, nor why they should celebrate her coming." What, never *heard* of Uncle H****, never seen the Gog and Magog who appal the passer-by in Oxford Street in late October? And quite half the competitors are in the same happy ignorance. Of course, I'm delighted, though Messrs. S********'s may not be. I make them a gift not only of Auntie Mistletoe, but of Grandma Pillowcase, and Cousins Pud and Wishbone. Having started, why not go on?

No competitor, at any rate, will be penalised for not knowing what I have just revealed: only those who have managed to avoid referring to both Auntie M. and shops must be ruled out. I am left with a good list of possibles; space will not allow me to do more then mention L. E. Honnor, C. Hodgkinson, P. M., Allan M. Laing, H. A. C. Evans, J. G. Dixon, D. M., and P. R. Best. Prize-money to be divided between those printed below.

Welcome, dear Auntie, beneficent parasite,
From your home in the garden and woodland and heath,
Whose mission it is, being hung in an airy site,
To crown with decorum what happens beneath.
No longer a totem whose rites were Druidical,
Nor the arrow that finished off Baldur, you pose
To promote osculation's exciting and giddy call,
To what would be otherwise under the rose.

No wonder you're worshipped this side of idolatry,
For what would be Christmas without you today?
So welcome, dear Aunt, with your comrade the holly-tree,
And the fabulous profit I make on each spray.

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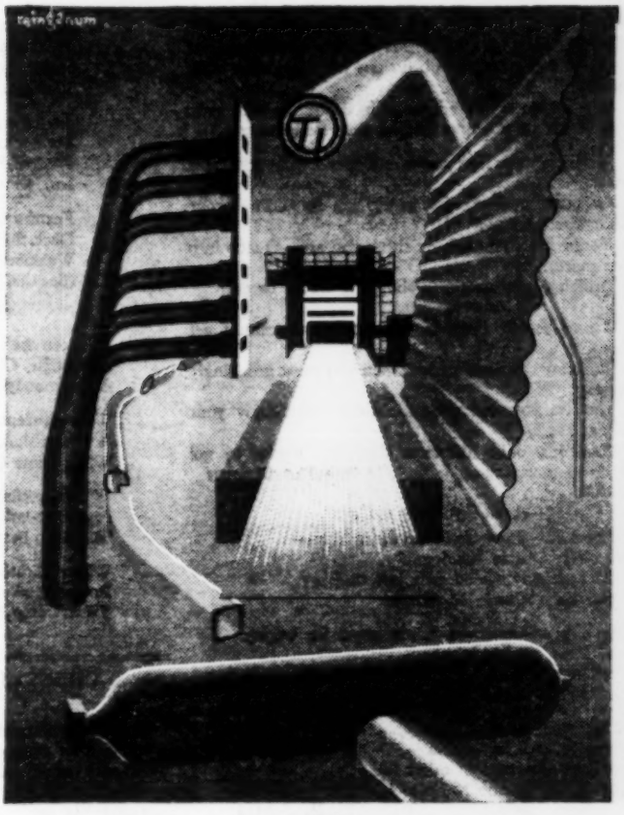


TI out of context

points a revealing truth: today we live TI.
When a housewife cooks, TI goes on a TI hot-plate.
TI went to the top of Everest. Motorists drive TI.
Champions cycle TI. Decorators paint TI.

Most modern constructional or engineering enterprise has a call on TI products. It may be TI's many shaped precision tubes, steel or wrought aluminium; it may be electrical fittings, machine tools, mechanical handling plant or rolling mills . . . but these TI parts will be vital to the efficient functioning of the whole.

Each of TI's many manufacturing companies has a mind and ideas of its own, but behind all of them are the combined skills and experiences of the many trades TI follow.

TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED,
THE ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2. TRAFALGAR 5633

To the tune of "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen"

O list, the peals of Yuletide tills already fill the air!
We've lots of what you do not want, together with the flair
For making you consider it desirable and rare;
And it's only umpteen shopping weeks to go!

If you omit to hurry now and spend what you can't spare
On much more food than you can eat and ties your friends won't wear
You're tougher than we think you are—O step into our snare,
And it's only umpteen shopping weeks to go!

Your festival fatigues embrace!—you cannot get away:
For now the time is here when you must groaningly be gay:
Or else you won't be too tired out t'enjoy your Christmas Day!
And it's only umpteen shopping weeks to go!

EDWARD BLISHEN

A Costermonger's Carol

Quite a one she were in 'er young day—
Bless 'er, Dulcie Jubelow.
Kept company wiv a lordly oak, they say.
Some gal—Auntie Mistletoe.

One day, a woodsman wanted more the wench.
'ard Luck, Dulcie Jubelow.
Reckonned 'er an easy-money bunch.
To town comes Auntie Mistletoe.

Wiser since she left 'er oak
Bless 'er, Dulcie Jubelow
Presides o'er loves of other folk.
Cheers for Auntie Mistletoe!

L. RENÉ-MARTIN

Fifty shopping days to go!
Welcome, Auntie Mistletoe!
Haste, begone, October gloom;
Welcome, Squanderbuggy boom!

Joy bells, ring across the smog!
Set her nephews all agog;
Sons of Private Enterprise,
Lo, 'tis holly to be wise!

For the season of good will,
Deck the counter, clear the till!
Welcome, Auntie Mistletoe!
(See that cheques are crossed "& Co"!)

D. R. PEDDY

Lo, here she comes, with tinselled snow
And bogus Christmas trees arow,
Aunt (money-spinner) Mistletoe.

With reverent haste her bower prepare,
A plastic sleigh to waft one there
While Santa Claus collects the fare.

With sparkling eye and smiling lip
And near-gold slippers, see her trip
To watch beside her Lucky-Dip.

Where blithesome kiddies all aglow,
Round eyed and rounder Shilling'd go
To welcome Auntie Mistletoe.

NANCY GUNTER

CHESS : Blessing of Initiative

No. 267

There are those who, in adversity, tend to be more cautious than ever; others will throw caution to the wind and tackle their misfortune with the courage of despair. On the chessboard, (so long as boldness and bravado are tempered by reasoned judgment) there is much to be said for it. Here—Tipary-Barcza, Budapest, 1954—is a fine example of such successfully active defence. Since he could not help losing a P anyway White boldly grasped the initiative.

(59) P-K5 ch!	P x P		
(60) P x P ch	K x P		
(61) R-K3 ch	K-B3		
(62) P-Kt5 ch	K-B2		
(63) Kt-B4	Kt-B7		
(64) P-Kt6 ch	K-B1		
(65) R-K5	Kt-Q5		
(66) K-Kt4!	R-Q8		
(67) Kt-R3!	R-Q7!	(76) P-B6!	P x P
(68) Kt-B4	R-QKt7	(77) K-B5	P-Q5?
(69) Kt-K6 ch	Kt x Kt	(78) R-R7	P-Kt4
(70) R x Kt	R x P	(79) K x P	R-KB1 ch
(71) P-B4	R-Kt5	(80) K-Kt5	R-Q1
(72) R-K1	R-K5	(81) K-R6	P-Q6
(73) R-QKt1	R-K2	(82) R-Kt7 ch	K-B1!
(74) R-KR1	R-K1	(83) R-QR7!	K-Kt1!
(75) P-B5	K-Kt1!		

He cannot but accept the draw since (83) . . . R-Q5 would be countered by P-Kt7 ch, and (83) . . . P-Q7, by K-R7. Yet, (83) R-B7 ch? would have lost on account of (83) . . . K-K1, (84) R-QR7, R-Q5!, (85) K-Kt5, P-Q7, (86) P-Kt7, R-KKt5 ch!, etc. Note also how, on the 67th move, Black countered a mating threat; yet, on his 77th, Barcza missed his only legitimate chance to win by R-K7!

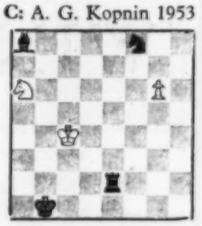
Here is another case to prove the value of some timely initiative. This is an endgame-study published by Berger in 1889 and reprinted in Fine's "Basic Chess Ending." Yet, both these great experts overlooked that White's alleged win is a fallacy. The author's solution was (1) B-Kt5, B-B4, (2) P-B7, B-R6, (3) P-B6, B-Kt5, (4) K-B5, B-R6, (5) K-Kt6, B-B1, (6) K-R7, followed by K-Kt8, etc. Yet, Fritz Sämisch has just discovered that the Black K, so as to save his crown, has merely got to show some initiative and to get a move on in time to reach the vital square d5 like this: (3) . . . K-B2!, (4) K-B5, B-B1, (5) K-Kt6, K-K3, (6) K-R7, KQ4, etc.

A : Lehmann 1954

Fittingly, the 4-pointer is a game position showing initiative of the highest order; as a helpful hint for beginners I might add that White forced the win by a veritable sacrificial orgy, involving R, B, Kt and Q. **B**—a 3-mover (and a bargain at 6 points)—will please our much neglected problem-addicts, and **C**—White to draw and quite subtly too— might not be underrated at 7 if I add the hint that the White Kt shows a good deal of initiative.

B : R. Zangger 1902

C: A. G. Kopnin 1953



Usual prizes. Entries by Nov. 22.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 264. Set October 23

A: (1) B-K3?, B-Q6! (2) Kt x B, Q x R.
B: (1) P x P, R-Q8 ch, (2) K-Kt2!, R-Q7 ch, (3) K-Kt3!, R-Q6 ch, (4) K-Kt4!, R x P ch (5) K-Kt3!, R-Q6 ch, (6) K-Kt2, R-Q7 ch, (7) K-Kt1, R-Q8 ch, (8) K-B2!, R-QR8 (9) P queens, Kt x Q, (10) B x R.
C: (1) Kt-Kt4, B-Q3 ch, (2) K x B, Q x R, (3) Kt-Q5 ch!, P x Kt, (4) P-K5 ch, K-B2, (5) P-K6 ch, K-K1, (6) K-B7! !, etc.

Quite a few dropped a point or two over **B** and/or **C**. Even so, about a dozen correct solutions. Prizes shared by E. Allan, D. E. Cohen, A. E. Harris, M. M. Kennedy, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Company Meeting

FISONS LIMITED

NOTABLE INCREASE IN GROUP PROFIT

MR. F. G. C. FISON'S REVIEW

The sixty-first annual general meeting of Fisons, Limited, will be held on December 6, 1954, at Harvest House, Felixstowe, Suffolk.

The following is an extract from the review of the Chairman, Mr. F. G. C. Fison, which has been circulated with the Report and Accounts for the year to June 30, 1954:—

THE ACCOUNTS.—The consolidated profit of the Group was £2,955,576 compared with £2,295,249. There was a notable increase in the contribution of the Chemical Division to this profit. Out of the Group profit we have had to provide £2,000,987 for taxation, of which £290,062 has been provided for the Excess Profits Levy for the six months up to December 31, 1953, when that tax was repealed. The balance of profit amounts to £993,208, of which rather more than half has been allocated to reserve and will be available for the development of our business, and rather less than half to the Preference and Ordinary Stockholders.

FERTILIZERS.—Although the tonnage of fertilizers sold in the United Kingdom in 1953-54 was slightly lower than the tonnage sold in 1952-53, in terms of plant nutrient there was an increase, due to the tendency to manufacture and sell more concentrated fertilizers. We have well maintained our share of the market, due largely to the increased popularity of our high-grade compound fertilizers.

We believe that a substantial increase in the usage of fertilizers is one of the most readily available means which many farmers now have to reduce their costs, and consequently increase their own profitability. Fertilizer usage in the country as a whole is still very far below the optimum suggested by the most eminent independent agricultural experts.

It is our intention to employ all the available means of sales promotion in order to convince the farming community of the value to it of a higher level of fertilizer consumption.

PEST CONTROL, LTD.—We were very glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity that arose to acquire the ordinary capital of Pest Control, Ltd. It has a large modern chemical factory, an extensive spraying service for farmers, and successful trading companies operating in Africa. What was of particular interest to us, in addition to the goodwill of the Company, which is very considerable, was the large and efficient technical staff, many members of which are recognised as authorities in their own fields.

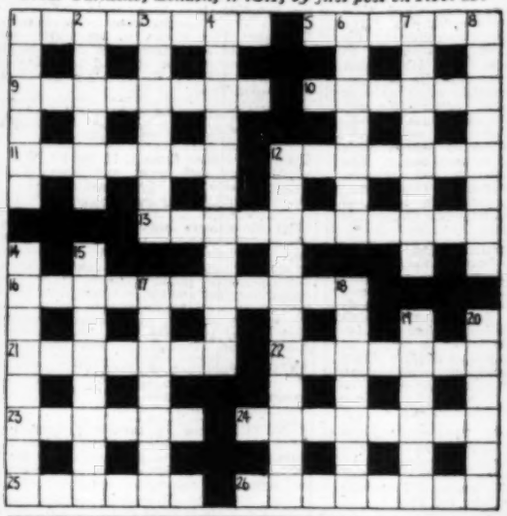
FISONS CHEMICALS, LTD.—In my report last year I ventured to forecast, while recording the decline in profits due to the difficult conditions obtaining, that with the many improvements in organisation and efficiency which we have made in the last few years, we would fare better than many of our competitors. It is true that the past year, and indeed the present one, have been a time of near boom for the chemical industry in general and that there has been a remarkable recovery from the somewhat depressed conditions which I reported last year.

We have important interests in milk processing, in the ethical pharmaceutical field, and in pharmaceutical chemicals, in all of which there are causes for anxiety. I referred last year to the Government's attempts to reduce the prices of products to the National Health Service, and to the unfortunate effects which were likely to follow the Government policy as then known to us. I believe that the Government has shown itself to some extent receptive to the constructive criticism of the industry, and there is now some hope that a scheme less damaging to the industry in general, but safeguarding the essential interests of the Government, may be adopted.

RESEARCH.—We continue to make substantial investments in research and development. The building of our new Research Station at Levington, Suffolk, has commenced and no effort is being spared to make this Research Unit one of the most up to date of its kind. Incorporating an Experimental Farm of some 400 acres, with modern farm buildings, the Station will offer excellent facilities for the study of any aspect of scientific agriculture which is thought likely to affect the Company's business. Considerable extensions have been approved to the Research Station at Chesterford Park, Cambridgeshire, which serves Pest Control, Ltd.

Week-end Crossword No. 126

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 126, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Nov. 23.



ACROSS

1. The senator to be assured of a state (8).
5. Heavy blow for a mural? (6).
9. Looked for the first in the race (8).
10. This place is a hindrance and a snare (6).
11. " ——— spirit of the chainless mind " (Byron) (7).
12. Prophet makes his residence in the place of prayer (7).
13. A married ace has promiscuous intimacy (11).
16. What behaviour—to make remarks about the left! (11).
21. Where to be caught in desire? (7).
22. Without a king greed is no virtue (7).
23. A product of indigo, I looked after the children (6).
24. For close matches these are to be worn (8).
25. The spring turns grey around a London district (6).
26. After the stars a girl is for moulding (8).

DOWN

1. Destiny is encountered finally (6).
2. Orange mixture for an ass (6).
3. Briefly expressed study in the unprofessional (7).
4. Want the French marriage partner for a close fight (6, 5).
6. Ashamed she is in an evil circumstance (7).
7. It is easy to see what you may do if you fish for a coin (8).
8. Plant with a head climbing over its members (8).
12. Is career men perhaps what the army consists of? (11).
14. Looking threatening, a weapon is about to subdue (8).
15. On a railway the English girl is a spy (8).
17. Condemn as corrupt nearly all American capital (7).
18. The tutor caught her after a drink (7).
19. Hot music? (6).
20. " It makes a ——'s heart bleed," said Mr. Stiggins (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 124

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 124

Michael Wilson (Exeter), Mrs. Doris M. Peer (Cheshunt), M. Collins (North Wembley).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3*gns.* wk. Dble. 5*gns.* inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters Restnt., White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakft., dinner opt. Moderate.

HIGH-class Guest House, 10 mins. Marble Arch. Bed & bkfst. from £3. MAI. 1930.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

HAMPSTEAD. self-cont. furnished top floor flat, 2 bedrm., living rm., kitchen, bath. Available Dec. 4*gns.* p. week. PRI. 8793 or PRI. 1647 betw. 9-10 a.m. or 7-8 p.m.

BAYSWATER. Large furnished bed-sitting room including heating, lighting, etc., use of telephone, 35*s.* per week. Box 2342.

FURNISHED top-floor 3-room flat. Use of bath. 3*gns.* Telephone STR. 7080.

BED-sitt. room (W.11) offered lady exchange 3 hrs. daily help. Box 2324.

WEST Hampstead, adjg. station, sgle.-dble. divan-rooms, kit. and bath. Colonial students welc. MAI. 6401 (8982 evgs.).

BEAUT. furn. s/c. 2-bedrm. flat, with domestic help living in, Finchley Rd. For one month from Dec. 15. Box 2322.

A PLEASANT young tenant sought for a pleasant old room. 3½*gns.* 'Phone KNI. 2822 daytime, WES. 5217 evening.

BACHELOR offered share of large pleasant Hampstead flat. Quiet, garden, all conveniences. Housekeeper. Box 2392.

RENT Free in return some help, lovely furn. room, cent. htg., own ckg. facs., offd. woman working in own time. Prof. couple, boy 6, Golders Green. Box 2395.

BEAUTIFULLY furn. room, large & sunny, overlooking gardens. Good ckg. facs. Use bath & 'phone. Breakfast if desired. 1st floor flat, N.W.2, 5 mins. station, buses stop outside. £2 10*s.* p.w. or £3 5*s.* with breakfast. Phone 8-10 a.m. or after 8 p.m. MEA. 1715.

YOUNG professional woman wishes share her flat near Victoria; rent including gas and elec. 45*s.* weekly. 'Phone TAT. 8439 Sunday or write Box 2354.

ATTRACTIVE furn. room (single) with balcony overlk. woods. Ckg. facs. 2*gns.* p.w. Nr. buses/Tube. Refs. reqd. TUD. 9073.

HIGHGATE, 3 min. Tube. Lge. lux. div. rm. New contemp. furn. Fitted cpt. Concealed ckr. in rm., use k., b., gdn. Tel. Sgl. £3 5*s.* Dbl. £4. MOU. 9610.

TO let furn. s/c. 3-roomed 1st floor balcony flat, Holland Park. Inc. rent 3*gns.* wkly. Suitable for prof. lady. Box 2308.

YOUNG graduate (f.) wishes another girl to share s/c. furn. flat, Highgate, own bedroom. 2*gns.* p.w. TRA. 3499, ext. 318, during day.

DIVAN room, priv. flat nr. Hyde Park, 63*s.* incl. lt., ht., linen, or 42*s.* Mon. to Fri. Garage avail. Tel. AMB. 1509.

MUSWELL Hill. Unfurnished 2-room flat and kitchen. Use bath. Suitable two women. £3 per week. Box 2353.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

FURN. rm. share kt./bathrm. H'stead Village flat. £3 wk. inc. htg. Box 2348.

SELF-con. furn. grnd-fl. flat w. gdn. Few mins. Highgate Tube, 1 min. 43/134 buses. Vac. Dec. 11. TUD. 2040 aft. 6.

BEAUTIFUL double bed-sit. Use kit. 55*s.* wk. Nr. Kilburn Tube. HAM. 2132.

A BUSINESS or professional lady will find a supremely comfortable suite, comprising sitting-room and bedroom, in a charming house near Belsize Park tube. Really excellent kitchen and bathroom facilities. All newly furnished and decorated. A home indeed. 4*gns.* p.w. PRI. 6715 evgs. or wkend.

FURN. modern bed-sitter, gas fire, nice house, use of kitchen & bath, nr. buses to City. CLIssold 8311.

WESTMINSTER. Woman graduate offers small flat (bed-sit., kitchen) in charming Georgian house. 'Phone, linen, share bathroom. £3 5*s.* Box 2399.

PROFESSIONAL man offered charming furn. accom., k'nette., c.h.w., moderate, Continental meals optl. Box 2428.

LGE. B/S. rm. nr. S. Woodford Cen. Tube, occas. mls. if req. V. reas. Box 2338.

SURBITON (16 min. Waterloo). Accom. for gentleman, bedsitting room, etc. Please 'phone Elmbridge 3707.

PAYING guest received, Anglo-French speaking family, Aylesbury, foreign student welc. 5*gns.* wkly. Refs. exch. Box 2187.

SET in Parkland near Glastonbury, 2 furn. rooms; first floor, each 18×15, one newly dec. Tel., C.H.W., elec., bus services. 2½*gns.* p.w. Box 2270.

THE country on your doorstep. 50 mins. Cannon St., Charing Cross, excellent business trains. New Purpose Built Block of s/c. 2- & 3-roomed flats from £175 excl. Now letting. Apply Owners, Mountfield, Grove Hill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

HOUSE parties, studios avail., cntry. mans. Cromlech Press, Clarbeston, Pem.

PROFESSIONAL lady requires 4 rooms self-contained unfurnished flat. Rent to £3 10*s.* F. & F. to £150. Within ½ hour of West End. Ring MAY. 6778.

LECTURER (m.) seeks pied-à-terre wk.-ends vacs., easy reach theatres, concerts. Divan bed-sit., linen, no meals. Box 2383.

WELL-educated young Siamese apprentice in City requires room, breakfast and dinner in pleasant home or Guest House —about 4*gns.* per week. Box 2290.

ACADEMIC family (3) seek s/c flat Putney area, for 6 weeks starting Jan. 1, before returning Australia. PUTney 4865.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

LIGHT bed-sit. room, simple ckg. facs., wanted by careful woman artist. Could supply own divan bed. Perhaps inc. baby-sitting, light help. English prof. people only. Excel. refs. Lond./H'stead pref. Box 2298.

CAN anyone help L.S.E. student find quiet home for self and personal library (own shelves) at reasonable rent? Box 2343.

SCRUPULOUS tenants desperate for reasonable furn./unfurn. flat. Civilised school children. Possibly part exch. evening services sec., domestic. Box 2435.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

JEWISH girl (21), from Midlands, desires live with homely Jewish family (where daughter of approximately same age), while pursuing secreti. course London. Box 2345.

THREE educated young women require attractive living accommodation in Holborn or central London. Reas. Box 1926.

YOUNG professional couple requires flat before Xmas. Furnished or not. North London. Moderate. Box 2178.

URGENTLY wanted, S/C furnished or unfurnished studio flat. Willing pay small premium. Phone GER. 1306 after 6 p.m.

WRITER and wife urgently require one large room and one other in or around central London. Box 2248.

LADY teacher with piano sks. unfurn./semi-furn. flatlet/bed-sit. rm. Kens./Victoria Distr. No piano lessons. Box 2266.

MANCHESTER, research worker seeks s/c. furn. flat, 2-3 rooms, kit., bathrm., 'phone, easy access University. Box 2335.

COTTAGE wanted. Det., not near school. Yearly lease from Easter. Box 2388.

WHERE TO STAY

A SMALL quiet hotel for all needing convalescence, rest or winter holidays in congenial atmosphere. Noted south coast resort claiming finest climate in Britain. Illus. brochures on request. 4½/7*gns.* incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, htd. bedroom (cen. htg. everywhere) when weather cool. Twin beds, h. & c., Slumberlands. Two comfortable lounges. Convalescents welcome (bkfst. in bed). Rec. by readers. Vegetarian if desired. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Seafront, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Best pos. on 3 mile prom. facing S. Nr. dly. orchestra in warm Sun-Lounge. Opp. covrd. walk; nr. curative baths. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Blazing log fires welcome you and a friendly staff look after your comfort. Good food is a speciality here. 'Phone Sharpthorne 17.

SMALL comfortable guest house, cosy bedsitting rooms with lunch & dinner for perm. guests. Perfect countryside, secluded garden, suntrap corners. Restful holiday at Todmans, Goudhurst, Kent. Goudhurst 212.

COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts-Essex border. Good food, warmth, every comf. & conven. Ideal for Autumn/Winter holidays. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

A QUIET weekend in comf. country house, 1¾ hrs. Charing Cross. Central Heating. Log fires. 25*s.* daily. Justins, Bodiam, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Staplecross 228.

HOVE. Guests welcome weekends or longer. Comf. Guest House near sea. 18 Rutland Gdns. Hove 39389. Open for Xmas.

CHRISTMAS. Old Norton House at Rottingdean—the famous seaside village next to Brighton—will be open again after redecorations. Central heating everywhere, and an informal Christmas Party. From 2*gns.* per day and 10 to 13*gns.* the week.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All b'rooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 2516.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 22*s.* 6*d.* per day.

CHRISTMAS in S. Devon. Near Sea, Country, Moors. Join our Xmas party. One Guinea per day. Children welcomed—special prices. Write or phone Tower Guest House, Kingsteignton, Newton Abbot 441.

WINTER sunshine in South of France. Peaceful country hotel nr. St. Tropez: magnificent views. Sun terrace. Good food. Moderate. Hotel Beausoleil, Grimaud, Var.

GOING to Rome this Winter? Stay at the Pensione Canova—central location, excellent cooking: constant hot water, reasonable rates. Winter reductions. Write Via Leoncino 32, Roma.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

TYPEWRITING/Duplicg. Lit. MSS., testimonials, theses a speciality. Accurate, attrac., presentation. Personal supervision. Bereton, 91 Priory Rd., N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating, circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

DUPLICATING. Reliable, competitive service for first-class circulars, leaflets, magazines, etc. Photo-stencil process work for illustrations and " solid " lettering. Please write for quotations—Swift Reproductions, 28 Alexandra Road, E.18.

DUPLICATING: as clear and attractive as print; and of course we type anything expertly. Speedy, inexpensive. The Hampstead Secretarial Bureau, 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

FIRST-Class Duplicating/Typing. Expd. Secretaries. Mabel Eyles Duplicating Service, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765.

FIRST-class Duplctg./Typing serv. Dictation. Theses, MSS., etc. Confidential. Miss Stone, 446 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 5984.

TYPING, duplicating, etc. Moderate terms. Accurate work. Fearon Typewriting Services, 31 Queens House, Leicester Square, W.C.2. GER. 4969.

TYPING required to do at home. 'Phone Mrs. Shearer, TERminus 4553 after 6.30.

FITZROY Secretaries undertake typing and duplicating of any description. Details of charges on request. Dacre House, Dacre Street, Westminster, S.W.1. TRAfalgar 4411.

EXPERIENCED typist, own machine, requires work at home. Box 2253.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3*s.* 6*d.* per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1*s.* extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 *inclusive or a woman aged* 18-59 *inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order*, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Politics, with responsibility for the Department of Government in the Faculty of Economics and Social Studies. Salary scale £800-£1,100; initial salary dependent on qualifications and exper. Further particulars may be obtained from Registrar, to whom applicns. should be sent by Nov. 30.

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility (readvertisement). Deputy Headmistress or First Assistant, West Norwood School, Gipsy Road, S.E.27. Applications invited for post of either Deputy Headmistress (allowance £250 a year), or Senior Assistant (woman) (allowance £200 a year), one of which posts will fall vacant in January, in this experimental school for 1,350 boys and girls (11-18), with sixth form, technical, commercial, and pre-nursing courses. (The present deputy has been promoted to a headship.) Candidates should have keen interest in principles of comprehensive schools. Those who have applied in response to previous advertisements need not submit another application form; their previous applications will be considered. Application forms EO/TS40 and further particulars (please send s.a.e. (fsp.)) from Education Officer (EO/TS2), County Hall, London, S.E.1, to whom they should be returned by December 1. (1473).

HER Majesty's Oversea Civil Service—Uganda. Broadcasting and Information Officer required for Education Department. Candidates must have had experience of School's Broadcasting and ability to edit departmental and other appropriate publications. Age limit 45 years. Post permanent and pensionable. Salary in scale rising to £1,320 (plus cost of living allowance). Outfit allowance. Free passages. Government quarters at low rental. Generous leave. Low income tax. Further particulars and application form from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith St., London, S.W.1, quoting reference BCD 114/9/03.

BBC. invites applications from British subjects for Burmese Programme Organiser and Vietnamese Programme Organiser. Duties: supervision of Programme Sections broadcasting in Burmese and Vietnamese and planning and production of programmes involving preparation in English of News Bulletins, Commentaries and Talks for translation into Burmese and Vietnamese. Essential qualifications: knowledge of spoken and written Burmese or Vietnamese, editorial ability, administrative experience, and a knowledge of and interest in world affairs in general and the affairs of South-East Asia and the Far East in particular. Wide cultural and academic background desirable. Salary £990 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,320 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "520 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

BBC. requires Assistant in Fieldwork Section of Audience Research Department (women only). Duties to train and supervise part-time interviewers (men and women) engaged on continuous country-wide Social Survey, together with some office work. Considerable travelling involved and much time will be spent out of London. Practical experience of market research interviewing, experience in staff training and ability to drive a car desirable. Salary £450 or £545 rising by 5 annual increments to £635 or £755 maximum, according to qualifications. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "532, N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

SOCIALIST Medical Assoc. wishes to appoint a General Secretary to undertake propaganda work, maintain contact with Labour, Trade Union and Co-operative movements and be responsible for Head Office administration. The person appointed must have experience in organisational work, administration and public speaking. Applicant must be a Socialist and believe in the objects of the S.M.A. as laid down in its Constitution. Salary to be negotiated on the time available, qualifications and experience. Apply in writing to 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

SALES Manager required for London Office by company manufacturing synthetic resins and emulsions for the paint, plastics, paper, textile and leather trades. Experience, preferably in chemical trade, together with proven ability to organise and control sales office staff and representatives essential. Permanent executive post in key position with excellent prospects. Only a first-class man will be considered. Write in confidence to the Managing Director, Scott Bader & Co., Ltd., Wollaston, Wellingborough, Northants.

EXPORT Assistant to the Director wanted by trade federation. At least two fluent languages essential, preferably French and German. Salary £600-£900 according to experience. Box 2313.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Applications will be accepted up to December 31, 1954. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist at present for candidates who have specialised in palæobotany, foraminifera, malacology and lichenology. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts who took their degree examination in 1954 may apply before the result is known. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted. For Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1954 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £975–£1,150; (women) £845–£1,025. Scientific Officers (men) £470–£855; (women) £470–£750. Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440–£760 (rates under review.) Women's rates somewhat lower. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S/53/54 for Senior Scientific Officers and S. 52/54, S. 128/54 for the other posts.

HOSPITAL Management Committee for St. Francis and the Lady Chichester Hospitals. St. Francis and Hurstwood Park Hospitals, Haywards Heath, Sussex. Psychiatric Social Worker required at the above Hospitals. St. Francis is a Psychiatric Hospital of 1,000 beds and associated with it is Hurstwood Park, a Neuropsychiatric Unit of 50 beds. Plans are now being prepared for the erection of an acute Psychiatric Unit adjacent to Hurstwood Park to contain 60 beds. Salary as laid down by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council, viz.: £470 per annum at age of 27 or over rising to £560 per annum. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or any other approved certificate. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, to be forwarded as soon as possible to the Secretary.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Children's Welfare Officer (Female) on the staff of the Children's Department. Child care, Social Science Certificate or recognised qualifications, and/or experience in a Children's Department an advantage. Salary £550×£15 to £625. Use of car essential. Council has a loan scheme to assist purchase of new or second-hand cars. Post will be permanent and pensionable. Application forms obtainable from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford, should be returned not later than November 24, 1954. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Resident Foster Mothers required for Children's Homes in Oxfordshire. Salary £350 by £15 to £410 per annum, less £108 per annum board and lodging charge. Preference will be given to Home Office training or some other recognised qualifications. All appointments superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application forms obtainable from the County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

SOCIAL worker, qualified and experienced, required in Old People's Welfare Department to assist organisation and administration of refresher and other courses for leaders in Old People's Welfare work. Experience of voluntary and statutory services and training schemes an advantage. Travelling involved, but headquarters London. Salary from £550. Apply Secretary, National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

TRAINED and experienced Family Caseworker (man or woman) with Social Science qualification wanted by recently established Northumberland Family Care Committee for intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Commencing salary £500/£600 p.a. according to training and experience. For further particulars apply to The Secretary, Northumberland Family Care Committee, 17 Ellison Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1, within 7 days of this date.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of Assistant Executive Officer in growing Jewish Cultural Organisation. Duties to consist of initiating and conducting fund-raising. Please state age, qualifications and experience. Salary accordingly. Box 2220.

REQUIRED. Cook General. Good wages and conditions. Refs. Lostwithiel, Cornwall. Box 2376.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Cottage Homes, Counteshorpe. Applications are invited for the joint appointment of Housefather and Housemother. Applicants should be of good education and the possession of a Certificate in Child Care would be an added recommendation. The Housemother would be responsible to the Matron for the care of approximately 15 children in her Cottage. The Housefather would, in addition to his duties in the Cottage, be required to undertake other duties at the Homes during the day. Salary scales are: Housefather £395×£15—£455 per annum. Housemother, £350×£15—£410 per annum. A charge of £108 per annum will be made for board and lodging in each case. The appointments are pensionable and are subject to a medical examination. Please apply immediately by letter, giving the names of two referees, to the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester.

THE National Allotments and Gardens Society invites applications for the post of Administrative and Editorial Assistant. Those applying should preferably have a knowledge of gardening and be willing to do some public speaking. As much of the work is specialised and of a legal nature the successful candidate will have to apply an analytical mind and be willing to learn. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Applications with full particulars should be sent to the Secretary, N.A.G.S., Drayton House, Gordon Street, London, W.C.1.

WOMAN Veterinary Surgeon requires part-time Surgery Assistant 9 a.m.-1 p.m., Saturdays included. Age about 25-35. Educated. Experience not essential if keenly interested and quick learner. Telephone FREmantle 2715 from 9-12 and after 6 p.m.

MATRON of busy Manchester Maternity Home needs competent assistant interested in catering, housekeeping, etc. Initiative and capacity to create happy atmosphere for patients and staff more important than specific training. A vacancy will occur for an experienced midwife later. Would consider friends. Box 2138.

A VACANCY exists with an Anglo-Israel organisation for a young person of suitable background to be responsible for publicity and organisation of summer tours in Israel for Jewish students, graduates, etc. Previous organisational experience desirable. Apply with full details of age, education and previous experience to Box 2281.

SIDCOT School, Winscombe. Required May, 1955, for Summer Term only, well qualified History Master to replace master away for Sabbatical term. History teaching in middle and upper school to Advanced Level. Furnished house available for married man. Co-educational boarding-school (100 boys, 100 girls) under Quaker management. Apply to Headmaster.

ASSISTANT (woman) required for Editorial Department of professional journal. Aged 20/35. University graduate preferred. Typing essential and shorthand an advantage. Box 2273.

LONDON. Youth Club Leader required for mixed Club with Junior Club Section. Previous experience in full-time work essential. Salary £400-£450, with superannuation scheme. Non-residential post. Apply with full details of experience and qualifications and copies of testimonials to Box 2307.

MIDDLE-aged or retired man required as manager youth canteen opening shortly Elephant & Castle area. Some exp. catering plus interest in youth work and ability handle sympathetically difficult adolescents needed. Mainly evng work. Sal. £400. Box 2215.

RESIDENT job in Architect's home in Hampstead Village: interesting work, informal atmosphere. Mainly Secretarial (shorthand essential), but some help needed with small family. Pleasant room with own entrance and kitchenette. Box 2387.

HOME typists London area. MSS. & Univ. theses. Gd. educ. 1st class work essential. Send specimen, detls. of machine, hrs. available daily to Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

YOUNG lady required for shorthand/typing and clerical duties in small Central London office. Post could develop into one of responsibility and would appeal to person interested in career in Labour politics. Five day week and reasonable hours, although some overtime necessary from time to time. Salary according to age and ability ranging from £4 15s. at 17 to £8 2s. at 23. Apply with full details to Box 2210.

WANTED: Efficient typist with knowledge of shorthand for oriental food shop. Apply, Lat Jolly, 60c Guilford Street, Russell Square, W.C.1. TER. 3049.

YOUNG lady under 22 wanted for responsible post in busy W. London 2ndhand bookshop. 9.30-5.30. Sat. half-day. Comm. salary £260 rising to £338. Refs. Box 2334.

EDUCATED Englishwomen are offered a good choice of worthwhile secretarial posts, some with languages. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1.

REPS. for the sale of (a) buckles, leather cloth to belt makers. (b) Advertising novelties and (c) geometrical instruments. Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., N.7.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Workers' Educational Association, Northern District. Applications are invited for the post of Organising Tutor in connection with the pilot scheme for intensive development of trade union education in the Tyneside area. Salary scale £550×£25–£800 a year. Closing date for applications, December 11. Forms of application with conditions of appointment and details of the pilot scheme may be obtained from District Secretary, W.E.A., 51, Grainger St., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1.

FOREIGN journalist seeks part-time secretary. Knowledge German and English sh./typing essential. FUL. 0293.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

TO Movements and Organisations. Business Executive, considerable international and national experience of organisation, administration, in fields voluntary service and commerce, public speaker, writer, seeks opportunity use abilities in constructive work, pref. body working for human rights, relief of human distress, international tension. Now highly paid, but high salary not first consideration. Please reply Box 2288.

WILL Publisher or Bookseller (or sim.) employ yng man 23 yrs., single, with passion for books and work? Inc. clerical. Anything considered. Box 2278.

LAWYER, aged 38, present earnings over £2,000 per annum, believes sound legal training, substantial experience and capacity for hard work equip him for administrative or commercial post in industry. Would accept reduction in present earnings in post, the characteristics of which were useful and interesting work, together with reasonable prospects of promotion. Box 2243.

SECRETARY, shorthand-typing & other qualifics., sks. job, progressive organisation or similar. W.C.1 area. Box 2398.

SHORTHAND-Typist, French, German, highly educated, can work independently; 10 to 4, 5-day week. Box 2378.

SCANDINAVIAN lady seeks post as au pair help with children in family near London. Box 2379.

SWISS-French male grad. economics & commerce, 24, seeks post Nov.-Apl. to perfect English. Anything reas. consd. Box 2382.

YOUNG couple with baby seeks any employment anywhere, accom. if possible. Husband widely expd., stage, antiques, handyman, gardening, &c. Wife teacher. Box 2385.

CLUB sec., lady, reqs. post where accounts are audited by C.A. Box 2297.

CULTURED woman (35) seeks interesting part-time occupation. Cultural & socio-logical interests. Pleasant personality. Adaptable. Accustomed to responsibility. Box 2289.

SNR. Exec. Univ. woman avail. pt.-time Lnd. Social Welfr., Commerce. Box 2271.

YOUNG Hons. grad. (langs.) secrtl. training, seeks prog. post with opportunities for interesting and creative work. Box 2249.

INTERESTING employment in Social or Editorial work sought by young woman educated progressive Quaker School. Gen. Cert. of Ed. (Advanced level). Box 2259.

A PARTIALLY-sighted graduate (female) aged 25, B.A. in French and German (London Univ.) seeks tchg. post. Box 2339.

REPORTER/Secretary free occasionally. 'Phone ARChway 1765.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

MISCELLANEOUS

EASIBINDER "self-binding" cases will hold your "New Statesman" as if they were in a bound volume! Maroon rexine cloth, titled in gold, 13s. 6d., post free, from The Publishers, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

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DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

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PLENTY of capital ideas in the kitchen are inspired by that wonderful Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 632

LEARN a Language this Winter. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lesson, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

NEW thought and research on social problems—drop a card now to Research Com. Sec., Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, for full details of Research Communications Project.

THE School of Self-Management where you can learn to overcome bad habits of posture, movement and tension. In addition to private lessons there are special classes for housewives, pregnant women, children, and special groups by arrangement, as well as a Training Course for Teachers of the method. Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, London, W.11. Tel. PARk 7222

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

PERSONAL

DOCTOR'S family would like girl student spend Christmas holidays with them to help in house and with children. Wages by arrangement. For interview write 138 The Grove, Ealing, W.5.

WANTED in Majorca, small flat for two, with maid servant, in month of January. Box 2185.

GRADUATE wife with baby anxious to augment family income without going out to work seeks suggestions or offers of employment. Box 2389.

FOR sale £450. Ideal small warehouse, club or studio. Wooden-built slate-roofed hall, 45ft by 25ft. Excellent order, all conveniences. 4 miles Colchester. Apply Margery Dean Antiques, Wivenhoe, Essex.

INTERESTED in part-time secretarial job in Hampstead? See Appointments V.

OCCASIONAL week-end hospitality relaxation desired by married couple about 35 as paying guests in pleasant home, sea or country. Hosts of similar artistic nature preferred. Box 2371.

MIDDLE-aged lady seeks cultured and mature companion (f.), for two-to-three months' journey in Italy with Sicily and possibly Spain, about Feb. to April, 1955. Simple travelling, sharing expenses. Box 2142.

TIRED doctor seeking rest wishes rent furn. country cottage for Christmas two weeks, far enough from London to be out of patients' reach. Box 2267.

ADVERTISER, now in uncongenial occupation due to family commitments, is unbearably irked. Would like meet someone to help change this sorry scheme of things. Is capable, hard worker, energetic; has genuine literary abilities frustrated by circumstances; managerial and organising experience since early youth. Will repay with diligence and sincerity the helping hand. Box 2279.

MID-Vic. or Georgian house wanted, 5 bed., country 2 hrs. London. Ca. £3,000. William Sansom, 18 Earls Terrace, W.8.

GENUINE surplus duffle coat wanted. Blue/black. Medium size. Box 2375.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts Winter programmes and special membership terms for married couples obtainable from Sec., I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

COMPOSERS able and prepared to write the music to a serious 2-act play in verse write to Dr. A. D. Heller, Prudhoe Hall, Prudhoe-on-Tyne.

ITALIAN (conversation-grammar) taught. Expd. Italian teacher (m). Box 2312.

AGREEABLE bachelor (30s) seeking m. companion 1955 holidays. Box 2272.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

PLAN your 1955 country holiday now. 4-berth caravan. Heart of rural Devon. Higher Holm, Cheviton Fitz., Crediton.

CHRISTMAS. Old Norton House at Rottingdean—the famous seaside village next to Brighton—will be open again after redecorations. Central heating everywhere, and an informal Christmas Party. From 2*gns*. per day and 10 to 13*gns*. the week.

CHRISTMAS. Young people wanted join party, plenty Christmas fare, dancing, radiogram. 5½*gns*. week. Carysfort, 12 Carysfort Rd., Bournemouth.

MEDIEVAL Christmas cards (wood-engravings). 5*s*. a dozen, 2*s*. 9*d*. six. Samples 1*s*. 6*d*. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford, Kent.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1*gn*. to 5*gns*. a box. One quality only, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

DOUGLAS Glass, Britain's Leading Photographer of Men, is prepared to accept one hardworking apprentice. Write in first instance to Box 2341.

PERSONAL—continued

HEATHERLEYS, the progressive art school, (Founded 1845), welcomes part-time students. VIC. 6077.

CHRISTMAS Ski-ing. You will enjoy yourself with our parties to Austria (Lech/Arlberg. Gargellen, Obergurgl or Fieberbrunn). Excellent ski-ing centres with typically Austrian Christmas and New Year festivities, pleasant company, easy travelling. 16-day holidays from 27*gns*. Departures December 18, 23 and 28. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

EDUCATIONAL Association requires use or rent of small studio within 10 miles of Central London and if possible adjoining flat for one member of staff. Basement not objected to, or would share if suitable. Accommodation in Day or Boarding school or similar premises preferred. Staff member available for part-time teaching. Fullest details and terms to Box 2255.

INTELLIGENT domesticated woman (28) with daughter 6 seeks live-in work. Housekeeping, cooking, etc., pref. near Kensington in congenial household where child welcome. Box 2381.

CÔTE D'Azur: House coastal village near Nice. £20 monthly, less for period. Furnished three persons, modern w.c., bathrm., h. & c. Interstate, 24 Newman St., W.1.

CLUB for Handicrafts, Languages, etc. Keen partner(s) to join forming committee wanted. Box 2161.

SPANISH girl gives Spanish lessons. Translations. Box 2326.

CAVE Paintings France/Spain. Meet group planning '55 tour. S.A.E. Box 2328.

HUNGARIAN Week-end (Music, Films, Food), Dec. 3 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

ARTIST, B.A. Cantab., 28, world-travelled, skls. exp. scene designer/painter or any stage work from Jan. Box 2301.

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VOLUNTARY service invited for the organisation of an International Choir. Apply Paul Steinitz, 244 Mytchett Road, Mytchett, Aldershot.

20% Commission paid on typing and duplicating orders. Write for details to Fitzroy Secretaries, Dacre House, Dacre Street, Westminster, S.W.1. TRA. 4411.

SKI-ING Holidays in Switzerland, Austria, Italy and Norway. Our new programme includes a variety of winter holidays and you can choose whether to go with a party or independently. A fortnight amid the snow and sunshine can cost as little as £25—including a full course of instruction. Write for Winter Programme to Ramblers' Association Services, 48 (S4) Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1.

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ART Classes. Enjoy yourself painting one afternoon or evening weekly; serious individual tuition for beginners in pleasantly informal atmosphere. Small classes. Box 2321.

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PHYLLIS Perlow, Psychologist, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

TOYS. Do you know that the free Abbatt Catalogue prints the age of child for whom each toy is intended? From Abbatt, 94 Wimpole St., London, W.1. (Dept. N.S.)

PERSONAL—continued

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"SNOWSPORTS in Austria" are our speciality. For inexpensive ski-ing holidays, via the short sea route (16 days London back to London, from £23 10*s*. Snowsport Sleepers 31*s*. 6*d*. extra each way), write, 'phone or call for a copy of "Snowsports in Austria" from F. & W. Ingham, Ltd.; Agents for the Austrian Federal Railways, Dept. N.S.3, 143 New Bond Street, London, W.1. MAYfair 0942.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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NEW books about Poland. Education in the New Poland by Brian Simon. 2*s*. 6*d*. (library edition 5*s*.). Published by Lawrence & Wishart. An authoritative account of one of the great educational experiments of the present day. 8 pages of illustrations. Folk Songs of Poland. 2*s*. 10 delightful folk songs with English text, arranged for piano and voice. By post from the Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, London, W.1.

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W. SOMERSET Maugham on "Some Novelists I Have Known": the first of a series of brilliant pieces appears in the current issue of "Reader's Review." Order now from bookstalls, or 1*s*. 9*d*. post free from "Reader's Review," 140 Salisbury Square House, London, E.C.4.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8*s*. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh. 9.

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BOOKS 2nd-hand, general subjects, chess. Lists, A. Curtis, 46 Tankerton Road, Tolworth, Surrey.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tu.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. Sun. club 7.45. "The Good Soldier Schweik." Hasek.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex. M.), St. Sun. 5, 8. "The Immoralist." Mems. 10s. yrly.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Montserrat." Fris., Sats., Suns., 7.30. Mem. 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING Th. Leics Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30 "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. inclds. Guest Ticket.

AN EVENING with Bernard Shaw. Dramatic Excerpts from the Plays. Readings by Margaret Rawlings & John Stuart. Impromptu Discussion on G. B. S. between Ivor Brown, Margaret Rawlings & E. Martin Browne. St. Pancras Town Hall, Wed., Nov. 17, at 7.30 p.m. Admission free (by ticket only) from St. Pancras Town Hall or any Public Library in St. Pancras.

OPERA Circle. Sir William Walton "Troilus & Cressida," illustrated by members Covent Garden cast. Intro. by librettist Christopher Hassell, at 8 p.m., Dec. 5, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Partics.: Mrs. Rosenfeld, 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Maxim Gorki Trilogy repeated. Until Nov. 14: "My Apprenticeship" (U). From Nov. 15: "My Universities" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Nov. 13. Judy Garland, Gene Kelly in The Pirate (U). Dir. by Vincente Minelli. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

FILM "Instruments of the Orchestra" (Britten-Purcell, dialogue Sargent), Tues. next, Nov. 16, at 8. Leighton House, Holland Park Rd., W.14. Commentator: Joan Bickers. Questions, discn. between 2 showings. 6s., 3s. 6d. at doors. Mgt. N. Choveaux.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Nov. 14, 7.30. "La Fête à Henriette" (A) France.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Dance, Sat., Nov. 20, 7.30-11. Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 3s.

I.C.A., Dancing to George Melly and his Lions of Belfort. Come in a Collage. Saturday, November 13. 8-12 at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Members 5s., Guests 7s. 6d. Membership invited.

WORKERS Music Association Autumn Fair. Sat., Nov. 20, 2 till 6. 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Gift Stalls, Sideshows, Puppets, Recitals by James Gibb pianist and others. Refreshments. Adm. 1s.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Albert Hall. Concert by artists from the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow. Eugene Byelov, baritone; Veronica Borisenko, mezzo-soprano; Vera Firsova, coloratura soprano; Ivan Petrov, bass; Raissa Struchkova and Alexander Lapauri, and Valentina Galetskaya and Mansur Kamaletdinov, ballet dancers. Tuesday, November 16, 7.30 p.m. Tkts. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d. from Box Office, Royal Albert Hall (KEN. 8212) and agencies. Presented by the Education Committee of the British Soviet Friendship Society.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun., Nov. 21, at 3 p.m. Vienna Octet (members of Vienna Philharmonic Orch.) Septet in E flat, Op. 20, Beethoven; Octet in F, Op. 166, Schubert. WATerloo 3191.

CAMDEN Trio. Music for oboe, bassoon and piano by Beethoven, Poulenc, Mozart, Handel, etc. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., Nov. 13, at 8.15 p.m. WATerloo 3191.

OPERA: Jazz: Concerts: Choose your music from the programme of 20 Continental Stations. Get a copy now of European Radio. Bookstalls & Newsagents. Every Friday, 6d. Special offer 5 copies for 2s. subs. Cut this out & send with P.O.: Europ Pub. Co., Ltd., 137 Blackstock Rd., London, N.4.

A PROGRAMME of Poetry and Music (in association with The Apollo Society) with Peggy Ashcroft, Stephen Murray and Nina Milkina. St. Pancras Town Hall, Sun., Nov. 14, at 7.30 p.m. Admission free (by ticket only) from St. Pancras Town Hall or any Public Library in St. Pancras.

HORNIMAN Museum and Library, London Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23. Free Concerts on Wednesday evenings 7.45 p.m. Nov. 17: Music for the Lute, Vihuela and Chitarrone, 1507-1620. Diana Poulton, Nov. 24: Early Court Dances and their Music. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. (1292.)

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illus. catalogue 1s. post free.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. French Paintings of the 19th and 20th Centuries; Fabric Collages with some stained glass by Margaret Kaye.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Patrick Hayman. 11-5.30.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Tschelitchew Paintings and Drawings till November 20.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Collages Exhibition. Arranged by Lawrence Alloway. Mond.-Sat. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Adm. 1s., members free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

SUNDAY, Nov. 14, 2.45 p.m. at the Odeon Cinema, Swiss Cottage, William Shepherd, Esq., M.P., will open an exhibition of paintings and sculpture We Know What We Like arranged by the Hampstead Artists' Council to show the Layman's choice as against the Artist's.

ABBE Breuil. Exhibition of drawings of Palaeolithic cave art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes Nov. 13. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Adm. free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Picasso Pottery & original Artists' prints & lithographs. From Nov. 15.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St. Colour Print Exh. Fr., Nov. 13-Dec. 3. Also Picture Lending Library. Gall. open 11-6 inc. Sat.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Three Exhibitions: Robert Colquhoun; Frances Richards; & French Paintings. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Dec. 4.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Collectors' Choice IV. French XIX & XX Centuries, including an important protocubist work by Picasso.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. The Frank Dobson Exhib. and recent pictures by Anthony Gross. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

"LONDON": Exhibition of paintings by local artists, organised by Finsbury Art Group (Chairman: Eric Newton). Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadlers Wells). Tues., Nov. 9 to Sat., Nov. 20. Daily except Sunday, 12.30-7.30. Adm. free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. A group of French paintings of the XIX and XX Centuries. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture, 8 rooms fully furnished. New restorations and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Boudin, Corot, Degas, Picasso, Renoir, etc. Until Nov. 20. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Gaudier-Brzeska, Drawings & Sculpture. Denis Wirth-Miller, "Studies of a Dog in Movement" paintings. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Paintings & Drawings, Henry Sanders. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Suns. 2-5, until Nov. 19.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m., Nov. 16. W. T. Rodgers, "The Future of Socialism." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group. 7.15 p.m. to-night (Friday, Nov. 12), Madame A. M. Matley: "French Contemporary Literature." Friday, Nov. 19: "What we think of Democracy." Speaker to be announced at meeting. Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Nov. 14. Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., "Autumn Leaves." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert, 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LEIGHTON House, Holland Park Road, Kensington. Early English watercolours by Graham Reynolds. Slides. Nov. 19, 8 p.m. Admission free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., Nov. 18, 7.30: Exposition of the Bhagavad-Gita. All welcome.

M. L. BURNET. "The Asian Revolution." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 7 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. A. S. Neill, Headmaster of Summerhill: "The Free Child." Wednesday, November 17, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"A Smallholding on Parnassus" by Sir William Haley, National Book League Twelfth Annual Lecture. Central Hall, Westminster. Wednesday, November 17, 6.30 p.m. Chairman: the Rt. Hon. Sir Norman Birkett. Vote of thanks by the Lord Horder. Tickets from N.B.L., 7 Albemarle Street, W.1. Members free, non-members 3s. (Visitors are asked to be in their seats by 6.25 p.m., as the lecture is being recorded for broadcasting.)

FORTIETH Anniversary Meeting "Our Visit to China." John Baird, M.P., George Doughty, Ben Parkin, M.P. Chair: Basil Davidson. Saturday, Nov. 20, 7.30, Caxton Hall, London, S.W.1. Tickets 1s. Union of Democratic Control, 21 Strutton Ground, London, S.W.1.

THE Challenge of Communism. Four lectures on the most challenging force of our time. Communism, Democracy and Liberty, Solly Kaye, Tuesday, Nov. 23, 7.45 p.m. Communism and the British Empire, R. Palme Dutt, Tuesday, Nov. 30, 7.45 p.m. Who Rules Britain, John Gollan, Tuesday, Dec. 7, 7.45 p.m. What Socialism Would Mean to Britain, John Mahon, Tuesday, Dec. 14, 7.45 p.m. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria. Four lecture ticket 1s. 6d., one lecture 6d. from West London Communist Party, 100 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

CHEKHOV. 50th anniversary of his death. Mon., Nov. 15, 7.30 p.m., Arts Theatre (Gt. Newport St., nr. Leicester Sq. Station). Leonid Leonov, A. E. Coppard, David Magarshack. Chair John Fernald. Readings, appreciations. Adm. 5s. and 3s. 6d. Arranged S.C.R. by courtesy of Arts Theatre Club.

SOVIET Musicians—The Truth. Composer Aram Khachaturian. Sat., Nov. 13, 7.30 p.m., Rudolf Steiner Hall (Park Rd., nr. Baker St. Station). Question and answer. Adm. 2s. 6d. Arranged by S.C.R.

BOOK Fair—opener: J. F. Horrabin—Humanist & Xmas Gift Literature, Rosslyn Hall, Willoughby Rd. (nr. Hamp. Tube). Sat., Nov. 13, 3-6.30. Adm. free. Teas 1s.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "The Individual and Peace": Phyllis Bottome. Thurs., November 18, 7.30 p.m. punctually. Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri., November 19. Mr. Gerald Kaufman (Assis. Sec., Fabian Society): "Seventy Years of Fabianism." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Wednesday, November 17, 8.15 p.m. Lecture: "Soviet Music and Musicians," by Aram Khachaturian. Chairman: Alan Rawsthorne. Members only, 2s. Membership invited.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays, 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for Nov. 16: "The Path of Liberation." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free. Lectures on Yoga also every Wed. and Fri., 8, at 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. November 20 at 6 p.m. Jean de Lafforest: Le "Guy Fawkes Français." Geoffrey de la Forest, dit la Renaudie.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association: Dr. W. Bentley Purchase, on "Experiences as Coroner and at the Criminal Bar." Mon., Nov. 15, Horse Shoe Hotel (near Dominion Thtre.) W.1. 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

FRANCIS Williams on Social Structure, Public Opinion & External Policy—Fabian Autumn Lecture, November 16, 7.15, Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Other speakers in series: J. Bronowski, R. H. S. Crossman, Patrick Gordon-Walker. Details 11, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Open every Friday, 6.30-8 p.m. Russian conversation and play reading. Nov. 12, 8 p.m.: Dr. Lotsky (California University), "The Relationship Between State and Church in Medieval Russia." Nov. 19: Rev. V. Rodzianko, "Russian Spirituality." Nov. 26: Mr. Isaiah Berlin, Oxford: "A. Herzen."

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"CHINA and the U.S.A." H. W. Franklin (Member of Labour Party delegation to China). Mon., Nov. 15, 6 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. National Peace Council discussion meeting. Admission free.

BRIAN Simon, author of Intelligence Testing and the Comprehensive School will speak on School and University in Post-war Poland. Friday, November 19, 7.45, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Also Flowers of the Valley and Youth Palace—two films showing Polish children at work and at play. Admission free. Refreshments.

ACADEMY House, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Tel. PARk 7379. Mon. Nov. 15, 8 p.m. Professor Arthur Newell on "World Horizons in Anglo-American Relations." Discn. All welcome. 2s. 6d.

PERSONALIST Group. Discussion Social, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Wed., Nov. 17, 7.30. J. B. Coates, F. Jackman, Hans Jaeger: "Personalism and Federalism."

"HILLEL and the Background of Rabbinic Judaism"—Lecture by Raphael Loewe, M.A. Sunday, November 14, at 3.30 p.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue (Annexe), 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m., Nov. 14: "Great Spiritual Movements."

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on p. 631

More Classified Advts. on Pages 629-631

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